

ISSUE 121

4th

DRUMMER

MIKE ROCK

Erotic Photos by
Scott O'Hara

TOUCHABLE TITS

a hands-on approach
by Fledermaus

BONDS OF METAL

Master Piercer
Jim Ward

GEOFF MAINS

author of Urban Aborigines gives his

VIEW FROM A SLING

BEIRUT

the beginning of a new series by
AARON TRAVIS

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Mr. Drummer 1987

a final ride before the

MR. DRUMMER 1988 CONTEST

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DRUMMER

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DRUMMER

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DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau

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OFF THE TOP

Fantasy Censorship—Bring on the Thought Police

Dear Mr. DeBlase:

Thank you for your response to my letter (*Drummer* 119 Male Call). It is good of you to acknowledge the sensitivity of your readership toward racist ads. My concern with your response remains the moral issue. If, as you say, "We do not censor ads with racial or other objectionable overtones that relate to sexual fantasies and role-playing," it raises more serious questions about your sense of social responsibility.

South Afrikaners who believe in apartheid, Nazis who are proud of their atrocities, and Klansmen who still enjoy a good lynching are encouraged by your attitude. When we are too far removed from the issues which concern others, it is often difficult to see beyond our personal concerns. That is why Jews, Japanese, Blacks, gays, and all oppressed people suffer—because of the apathy of others who do not want to become involved; who do not share the same perspective.

But at least you have openly stated your policy, which is a beginning. Your policy boils down to any of the aforementioned who get a hard-on while pursuing the involuntary maiming and killing of Third World victims are eligible to run an ad in *Drummer*—just as long as they relate their experience to role-playing or some sexual fantasy.

As a Publisher, I see a clear line of demarcation between the sexual rights of rapists, bigots and other such sociopaths and the greater human rights of all who are tired of being patronized, demeaned and violated by reprobates who hold the banner of free speech high.

When do the rights of those who see beyond their sexual urges and those who do not wish to be subjugated by demeaning propaganda and experience come into play? Everybody is not noble. In fact, some people are mean-spirited and don't even know any better. Does this mean we all should forego our good taste and better judgement and endure reading anything anybody wishes to write? Hopefully your other readers will not agree.

My question to you is: Will you become an advocate for the greater issue of human rights or will you continue to publish ads which propagate bigotry, sexual and otherwise?

Our responses—yours and mine—will appear in the September issue of *Quarterly Interchange*, and copies of our

prior correspondence and this letter will be sent to all parties and organizations previously indicated.

Thom Bean, Publisher/Editor
Quarterly Interchange

Mr. Bean,

I am not familiar with your publication or your writing; you, obviously, are not very familiar with mine. If there is anything I have stood for and promoted during the past 10+ years it is the right of adults to engage in SAFE, SANE, AND CONSENSUAL erotic behavior. For the purposes of this discussion the main focus is the last word of that trio: consensual. I admit I erred in not making this more clear in my response to your previous letter.

I am not defending now, and never have defended, those who get their sexual or other jollies by abuse of unwilling victims. For example, my essay on "Torture—Slavery, Reality—Fantasy" in *DungeonMaster* #29 published in October of 1985 goes into this at length. The realities of slavery and torture are indefensible. I oppose them strongly and I oppose hatred and discrimination based upon race, religion, gender, sexual preference, etc. etc. However, I also strongly oppose those who wish to monitor what people may think about, fantasize about, and engage in as mutually consenting adults! NO ONE has the right to tell me what I may, or may not, play with in my mind, or play with in the privacy of my dungeon/bedroom, with another willing adult.

Where are lines to be drawn? Some object to two persons of different race in bed together. Another thinks that is OK as long as the two are of different sex. Another approves of same sex activity as long as it isn't kinky. Another says they can get a little kinky but should not play with the use of force. Another says one can play at being a cop and the other a prisoner, but they must avoid the racial negative stereotypes of being a slave and a master, or a Nazi and a prisoner. In fact the decision as to where this line must be drawn is up to the two people in bed and ONLY those two people. And when I say that "We do not censor ads with racial or other objectionable overtones that relate to sexual fantasies and role-playing" I mean that we will not censor people seeking consensual partners, or others with similar fantasies.

I know a great many people of both genders who are sexually excited by the idea of rape, and just as there are many more SM bottoms than there are SM Tops, more of these fantasize being raped rather than being a rapist. However, very few of these actually want to be raped. Some who have been raped still have sexual fantasies about it but would never want it to happen again. A fantasy about rape can be good healthy fun, an actual rape is not. In fantasy sex, even that play-acted between consenting adults, the action is controlled, in actual rape—torture—slavery it is not. In fantasy all of the undesirable elements can be edited out and only those that run the erotic machinery are retained.

I know many black men who get off on becoming involved in Slave-Master relationships, some as the slave, some as the Master. Do you think I should not allow such men to advertise their interests because it is racist? Isn't someone seeking a blue-eyed blond or a dark-haired Mediterranean type equally racist? If so why isn't it equally objectionable?

At a recent large conference of SM people a Jewish caucus was called. I later learned that one of the prime topics of discussion was where to get Nazi paraphernalia for use in scenes. You may feel that such fascination with historical oppression is "sick." Others may feel that any form of S&M is "sick." Many feel that homosexuality is "sick." Andrea Dworkin has recently devoted an entire book to "proving" that any insertion of the male penis into a female orifice must be considered violence! I think the "sickness" is in those who try to force their behavior system on someone else.

Apartheid, concentration camps, genocide, oppression are subjects to be actively opposed and I support those organizations that do so. I oppose any repression of an unwilling victim. However, the thought police are also to be opposed, whether they be from the right or the left. Falwell and Dworkin agree on few things other than that I should be prohibited from looking at photos and reading articles I want to read. They should both be able to read and write whatever they want, but they have absolutely NO right to prohibit me from reading and writing what I want. Both the Klu Klux Klan and NAACP may object to an ad in *Drummer*. But neither

of them has the right to tell the men who placed it, the men who answer it, or the men who publish it, what they can and cannot fantasize or do together.

You state that you "see a clear line of demarcation between the sexual rights of rapists, bigots and other such socio-paths and the greater human rights for all who are tired of being patronized, demeaned and violated by reprobates who hold the banner of free speech high." I assume you mean the rights of "rapists, bigots and other such socio-paths" to speak, since free speech is what you are talking about. You have extraordinary vision to see such a "clear line." Is that "line" the same one seen so clearly by the religious right? by the Afrikaners? by the Communist Party? by

Andrea Dworkin? by Phyllis Schlafley? They all also see "clear lines" about what it is allowable to talk about and what it is not. You decry "socio-paths," but in another place and time it is the person who would defend equality for a black man who was the "socio-path," it was the man who defended religious freedom who was the heretic and "socio-path." The "socio-path" is defined by the society within which he lives. He is the person who is in opposition to the existing morality, he is the person who fights for change. The right of freedom of speech MUST have high priority among all freedoms. Without it those who advocate change will be stifled.

I also am tired of being "patronized, demeaned and violated" by bigots who

think, or rather KNOW, they know what is right not only for them but for everyone. I am tired of being "patronized, demeaned and violated" by those opposed to gay rights, by those opposed to SM, by those who would control what any two or more consenting adults do to and with each other!

You have no right to take such things out of context and use them to label me as apathetic or patronizing. You have no right to ask when I "will become an advocate for the greater issue of human rights." I am, and always have been, an advocate for human rights! But I include the rights of the individual in my advocacy, not just the rights of large groups!

Anthony F. DeBlase □

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers.

While *Drummer* hopes to educate its

readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally

recognized safe-sex and safe-and-sane play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products. □

MALE CALL

REMEMBERING JIMED THOMPSON

The contest was over. I won, now what do I do? These were my thoughts on the Monday following the International Ms Leather '87 Contest.

Kathy Gage calls, I have to do an interview with one of the editors of *Drummer*. That's a men's magazine, isn't it? Why would they want to interview a dyke? Kathy picked me up, we drove to *Drummer*, double-parked, and went inside. There I met the man who would have the greatest impact on what I would do as International Ms Leather and a man who has had great impact on the rest of my life, JimEd Thompson.

His first words to me were, "No self-respecting dyke would be caught dead wearing that shirt." (A lacy blouse . . .) Now I'm pissed. Just who does he think he is? And before I can respond, JimEd adds, "Good. Set your own style." And he smiled. I was disarmed. I don't know if it was the smile, the broad shoulders, the sense of self-assurance, or the wisdom and wit of the man, but I knew that here was someone I could trust completely. The interview turned around with me asking the questions; JimEd answering. I'm just a leather dyke out of Portland, how the hell am I supposed to represent all aspects of the leather community? I don't know all aspects.

"Be yourself, be accessible, and most importantly, listen to what members of the community have to say. Really care about what you're doing."

JimEd helped me to see the responsibility of being a titleholder and he was willing to be there whenever I needed help in meeting that responsibility. He said, "Call me anytime day or night." And he meant it.

The first few months I called him no less than once a week, usually more often, asking advice, reading my speeches, and just generally getting a boost from my friend.

It was only three or four months after meeting him that the call came from San Francisco. JimEd was in the hospital with meningitis, he had been diagnosed with AIDS. I didn't want to lose him. I felt a surge of overwhelming anger at the disease, at the government, at him for being ill. Then, that helpless feeling—there was nothing I could do. I called him in the hospital just to say hello and I love you. JimEd, true to form, made me talk about my feelings and he helped me deal with them. He made me see that far from being helpless, I was in a position to do something, if not for him, then for others in our community. He asked me to take a stand for unity and to always speak out against divisiveness.

Most of all I'll remember JimEd's courage and caring. I just hope I have a measure of his courage to do what he asked, JimEd, I love you.

Judy Tallwing McCarthy/Portland, OR

APPRECIATION: SCOTT TUCKER

People always have a tendency to procrastinate expressing appreciation and—often—it becomes too late to do so. Missed opportunities. I enjoyed Scott Tucker's writing in *Drummer*. For a long time I have wanted to write him a "thank you" and express my appreciation. But now Scott's gone! Thank you anyway for articulate and informative writing.

I especially enjoyed Scott's own personal revelation and openness as to his feelings and sexual activity. I don't think the well-known contest winners in our leather scene realize how we readers and viewers develop feelings toward them. We have our favorites and follow every feature and photo in *Drummer*. We fantasize about you and wish we knew you.

I think a great feature would be interviews with contest winners. It'd be hot to have recent photos and information about their work, interests, and leather lifestyle.

DP/Charleston, SC

MALECALL

I have renewed my subscription to *Drummer*. Your new format is great. *Drummer* has always been influential in my life and I thank you for all of the things you have taught me. I miss Scott Tucker. Are we going to see or hear more from him?

DW/Westland, MI

Scott is currently caught up in heavy political action in Philadelphia but is continuing to write. He has been a valued contributor to *Drummer* and we expect to hear a lot more from, hopefully in the not too distant future.

—AFD

HOT ROLF!

You've done it again—WOW—Hope you'll give us more of Rolf Eric Bergman of Altomar Video. Talk about a fine Silver Fox of a Man. Now, that's what I like to see! This man is one hot daddy. Why can't you find more like him? Thank you for the photos of Rolf. It's great to know that all of my fetish loves exist in one man. Great issue!

MD/Rootstown, OH

MORE MATURE MEN

I would like to commend Fledermaus' good work with *Drummer* and *Dungeon-Master*. Thoroughly enjoyable. Perhaps an article sometime about those of us in our 40s and 50s would show that "maturing" does not mean that we are left out. We have much to give/take and share with the "young pups." Not just in the Dad/Son sense.

DL/Livonia, MI

BARRUS HITS HOME

Starting this letter is the hard part, I fear. What should I say, where should I start? That I think you are an excellent writer and I enjoy reading your creations? That they were all infrequent in the past, but I am overjoyed to see that you will now be writing more? Or maybe that my sexuality resonates to your stories. And that after reading "Off the Top" in *Drummer* 117 and your "MaleCall" responses my spirit, my manhood, vibrates and sings. I have read your column again and again because each time I read it I soar.

Living as I do, here, with not another leatherman within a 60-mile radius, *Drummer* is, indeed, much, much more to me than a jackoff rag. It is my monthly reminder that my brothers do exist, that I am not a lone creature, that there are others whose dicks drip from the smells and tastes of men and leather and steel, for whom sex and men are more than physiology, more than fantasy, and for these reasons above all others I am glad that you will now be a monthly presence in my too boring life, Tim Barrus.

CB/Bloomington, IN

There are very few occasions where I feel the need to openly comment on something I see or hear. Tim Barrus' "Off the Top" editorial in *Drummer* 117 has got to be one of the best pieces of writing to appear in print in ages! His statement that "The challenge is to push home the reality that the gay masculine experience remains alive and well . . . within each one of us . . . that we will continue to celebrate our living . . . our fucking, our leather, our spiritual virility . . ." is very apt.

My only hope is that the majority of our leather family can see, use, share, and incorporate these thoughts into their daily lives.

Bravo! You've hit the nail on the head.

To carry this one step further, Barrus mentions gay community infighting. Yes, it's a fucking kick in the balls when it is so difficult to unite for a common cause. We must learn to tolerate one another for what we are. The leathermen, the queens, the lesbian sisters we all know. Granted, we all have our own special private little worlds, the leather and western levi bars, the women's bars, and when one oversteps his or her boundaries—entering another's turf—there is close to hatred, maybe fear, even jealousy. It's a shame we need occasions like the March on Washington to bring us all together for even a brief moment.

Thank you for sharing your thoughts and hopes and dreams with us.

CV/Indianapolis, IN

RUBBER—RUBBER—RUBBER

Rubber freaks everywhere must have worked their rubber dicks for a week after *Drummer* 118 hit the stands. This has to be the hottest issue of *Drummer* ever! Jack Fritscher's "Confessions of a Rubber Freak" was so right on in explaining rubber. I hope it gets you leather guys out there thinking. I, too, was into leather, but like Jack I now worship rubber. The sensual, sexual aspects of rubber are almost indescribable. Your articles did a great job. I hope this will become a regular annual event in the magazine. Rubbersex is a new frontier for the 1990s and beyond. Men just need to know more about it. This faithful *Drummer* reader applauds your efforts and says—let's see more!

RB/Mill Valley, CA

First and foremost, let me congratulate everyone at *Drummer* responsible for your rubber issue. Very well done and much appreciated by those of us into this scene. Anyone the least bit interested in rubber will be well stimulated.

There is one small bit of incorrect history in your intro piece that I feel needs to be corrected. V Senses was actually the first rubber organization starting in the late sixties and remaining active in the United States until 1972. During its active years splinter chapters

were formed, one in London and another here in Southern California. The London group continued to survive and became the London Rubberman's Club (RMC London). This group continues today to keep rubber alive and well in Europe and it was a visit to their club in late 1977 that prompted us to attempt to revive a rubber club on this side of the pond. After some effort New World Rubbermen came into being early in 1979 with about 30 enthusiasts at the early meetings or rubber parties. I want credit for keeping rubber alive through the years to go to RMC, as they are really the deserving ones. Incidentally, one of their founders and most active members was none other than San Francisco's own Mr. S, before he came to our shores.

Again, thanks for the big boost *Drummer* has given the world of rubber.

Bill Bailey/San Diego

My compliments on your exciting rubber issue. I look forward to your continued efforts at upgrading *Drummer*.

I have developed a deep concern around a change in morals that seems to be taking place in this country. It is hard to believe that here it is—1988—and we are going in reverse regarding personal rights. It will take the effort of a great many to see that we keep what freedoms we have and even more effort to gain back some that we have lost.

I hope that everyone who reads *Drummer* is reading Guy Baldwin's column. He has much favorable and positive to say about leather and the S/M lifestyle in "Ties that Bind." His work has helped me to understand and feel better about myself, particularly now as I am entering into a MASTER/slave relationship. Keep up the good work, Guy Baldwin. And thank you.

SP/Oakland, CA

OUTLAW

In *Drummer* 116 and 117, "MaleCall" letters appeared concerning men being proud to show their leathers, high boots, tattoos, piercings, beards. Well, here's another queer biker who is always showing all of these same fetish interests on his big fucking Harley. It's "personal rebellion," Tim Barrus states. And it's "fuck the world," according to *Easy Rider Magazine*. It's also the sexual charge of being exhibitionistic and I'd be willing to bet that most of us outlaws would wear all of these things in-and-on us even if no one else ever saw us or if the world loved us for what we are.

But who cares! What's important is the unmatched sex kick we get from sharing our cocks with fetish buddies who make us hornier than any other kind of man ever could.

I've been told that these fetishes and my black Harley make me an outlaw in the eyes of other gays and straights. So

fuck these assholes. There's nothing better for us outlaws than riding our bikes, partying, and having hot sex with our Bros, and getting that extra charge when we're recognized as queer fetishistic biker outlaws.

KD/Dallas, PA

IML SIZZLES

I have subscribed to *Drummer* for several years now. I really enjoy everything about it and am always turned on. The biggest turn-on to date is the picture of Michael Pereyra, the 1988 International Mr. Leather. I like his looks so much I will frame the picture on the back of *Drummer* 118. As my own particular fetish happens to be boots, the picture would have been perfect for me if it had only featured Mr. Pereyra's boots. If at all possible, could we see more?

JB/San Diego, CA



We expect to be doing a photo shoot with Michael soon and will be sure to include some boot photos. In the meantime, check out page 90 of *Drummer* 120.

—AFD

DRUMMER CONTEST

Thanks to the staff of *Drummer* for the recent article on the Mr. Mid-Atlantic *Drummer* weekend, on Michael Sharek, and on me. In producing and organizing a regional *Drummer* contest I have always kept in mind that it is a special time for individuals of like interests to get together, meet others, and enjoy themselves while insuring that the region is well represented. A *Drummer* contest is more than just a leather contest—it represents the Man, the individual wearing the leather.

There are always many unsung heroes involved with these events. I express my sincere thanks to Al, Don, Lee, Sam, Tim, Allen, David, George, Richie, the Tradesmen, Boom Boom LaTour, Kevin Scott, our outstanding judges and contestants for all their help in making the Mr. Mid-Atlantic *Drummer* Weekend memorable for us all.

Robert E. Sheets/Charlotte, NC

WIMPY GANG?

It's easy to understand why the editors of *Drummer* are terrified of the self-

appointed censors and have let the magazine turn slowly into dull vanilla. But it isn't easy to understand why the queens are allowing the self-righteous to infringe on their personal freedoms without so much as a whimper.

200 loonies storming city hall with letters of complaint can have an ordinance passed in a city of 80,000. It seems that the queens are so busy being indignant, beating their breasts or carrying on with candlelight vigils and protests AFTER an ordinance becomes law.

If everyone who writes fantasy letter after fantasy letter to the fantasy ad placers in all the gay rags in America bothered to write one letter of protest to city hall BEFORE the loonies got their laws pushed through by vote-seeking public asswipers eager to please, *Drummer* might still have the right to publish what the magazine was started for—leathermen. Not a gang of frightened leather-oriented closet queens afraid of their own beliefs.

HM/Bridgeport, CT

I can't say I precisely agree with HM's evaluation of the current situation. But I do agree 100% with his recommended action—just be sure to include your state and federal representatives too!

—AFD

PHONESEX SATISFACTION

Having been a faithful reader of *Drummer* for about the last nine years, I have noticed an ever increasing number of ads dealing with phone sex and would like to state that not all phone sex services are alike. I would like to share with you one of my experiences.

For the past eleven years I have been gay and have had a strong interest in a number of S&M scenes which I would never share with my gay friends out of fear of being put down, ridiculed, or even labeled as sick or demented. In order to explore my S&M feelings, if only in my mind, I decided to try various phone sex services with the hope of releasing some of my inner feelings or desires. Two services refused me because they were not into S&M and three other services sounded like actors reading a well rehearsed script, which left me with a very cold and frustrating feeling about phone sex services and my S&M needs.

Knowing that there had to be at least one person around that I could talk to, I decided to try one more phone service, but this time I selected one from the small phone sex section of *Drummer*, rather than one with a full page ad showing some hunky model holding a phone or what have you. Expecting the worst, one more time, I am happy to say that the service I picked not only treated me as an individual, but the man I spoke with was able to relate to my S&M fantasies with a great deal of knowledge, enthusiasm, and, most of all, respect.

Some would say that I'm paying for a service, which is very true, but don't we all pay for various services rendered every day of our lives?

About four months ago, during one of our phone conversations, Keith—the man on the other end of the S&M line—informed me that he would be in my area and that he would like to meet me at a local gay bar and buy me a drink. Being very average looks (heads would not turn if I walked into a room), I was reluctant to say yes, but at the same time knew I had to finally meet the guy with whom I had shared my inner thoughts and feelings. Since I knew that a number of my close friends would also be at this bar, I finally got up the courage to tell them about my S&M interests and that I was going to have a drink with a guy from a phone sex service. Whether out of curiosity, or a need to have a little fun at my expense, five of my friends showed up at the bar just about the same time I had agreed to meet Keith. As each new face came into the bar my friends would needle me about my taste in blind dates. When Keith did arrive in full leather the whole bar started talking about him, but when we left two hours later I learned that three so-called "preppy" guys had slipped their names and numbers to him in hopes of learning more about the S&M scene that I was so scared to share with anyone.

During his two-day stay we had dinner, drinks, talked a great deal, and even turned a couple of my S&M fantasies into reality. Before he boarded his plane to return home he even gave me a present with the instructions not to open it until I was home and totally naked. The gift turned out to be a videotape that he and another guy had made dealing with all the fantasies that we had explored during our phone conversations.

For those of us who have an interest in leather and S&M, but have a lot more questions than experience, I for one would like to thank *Drummer* and its staff for its no-bullshit approach to supplying information, answers, and various outlets to safely pursue our interest in areas that all too many people, including gays, consider a closed door, never to be opened or even discussed.


DB/Buffalo

We have been wanting to do a series of articles on the various types of phone sex services available—but with a specific slant towards S/M. But have had difficulty finding someone experienced with the services and the ability/willingness to write. If you are interested, write or phone and give us your ideas for an article.

—AFD

□

SEND YOUR LETTERS to *Drummer* MaleCall, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.



Photos from Altomar

He stood leaning against the wall of the dimly lit bar, a dark hunk looking sultry and bored. Through the haze in the dim light I could see the bulge of faded blue denim jutting forward between the black leather cylinders of his chaps. The basket was nice but its prominence came more from the effect of the chaps—that, and the way he leaned with shoulders against the wall and hips thrust forward. A tall blond standing next to him reached over and touched the protruding mound. The dark hunk shifted his stance slightly to give the proper a better angle, then his own hand disappeared behind the flap of the

blond's open flannel shirt as he stared intently up into the taller guy's eyes. As his head moved, the dim light caught his face and his eyes seemed to sparkle; the boredom was gone. His jaw muscles rippled under his black stubble. Then the blond's face registered a slight grimace as he brushed the hand away from his chest. Suddenly the look of boredom returned to the shorter man's face; he pushed the blond's hand away from his crotch and turned his back on him.

I had been watching this particular target for quite some time. He was a very attractive hunk indeed: short, dark, muscular, and handsome. Not only his basket bulged, but his ass firmly filled the tight Levis. His biceps stretched the arms of his T-shirt and his abdomen looked like a cotton-covered washboard.

But what primarily attracted me was higher up.

Touchah

I liked the clump of black hair that curled over the collar of his white T-shirt, but more than that I liked the pair of bumps that protruded from the mounds of his pees. I had seen several men approach him, men of all types, most of them hunky. With each he seemed initially interested but then quickly brushed them off. I decided the time had come. I walked over to stand beside him, then reached with both hands toward his masculine tits.

The nubs were big and firm, protruding with the bulge of pectoral muscle. And the large nipples were just the right size to grip easily. I rolled them back and forth between thumbs and forefingers. He looked into my face intently and again I saw the eyes sparkle and the jaw muscles tighten. His own hands stayed at his sides. My fingers tightened and his mouth opened with an inaudible sigh. Not releasing my grip I slowly raised my hands. His head went back against the wall and his shoulders left it as his torso

moved up, following my hands, until he was perched on the tips of his toes. His eyes had closed so I could no longer see their sparkle, but I could see that what had been but a soft bulge in the Levis now looked as if it contained a broom handle trying to burst free.

As I lowered him I kept rolling the nipples between my fingers and I again began to slowly increase the pressure. His mouth was open and he was breath-

tits hard against my own, bending his head back and locking his mouth with mine. His tongue sought my mouth and I trapped it with a vacuum, preventing him from withdrawing it. Meanwhile I had raised my knee into his crotch, pushing him back against the wall. I could feel his cock, hard and throbbing, as my knee slid off it and pressed against

ole Tits

Fledermaus

ing heavily. My fingers tightened further and his jaw began to quiver. I saw his hands start to move up towards mine, then he jerked them down and put them behind him, holding them against the wall with his ass. He saw the grin spread across my face and knew I had seen the maneuver. He smiled and pushed his chest forward into my hands. I leaned and brushed his lips with mine.

But my grin changed to a sneer and his smile to agony as I suddenly increased the pressure tenfold. His jaw clamped shut and his breathing stopped. I released his nipples for the count of three and then clamped down again, **HARD**. A burst of air whistled between his teeth and his eyes snapped shut. I released again and then slapped the protrusions hard with the flats of my palms. His eyes flew open and he stared at my hands, poised for another blow. I slapped again and he gasped. But he also pressed his ass tighter against his trapped hands. I slapped again and again, 10 or 12 times in rapid succession. His shoulders were against the wall and his head jutted forward. His mouth was open and he was breathing hard, the muscles and tendons in his jowls and neck stood out and his head quivered with tension.

Then I stepped forward and gripped him tightly in a bear hug, pressing his

his balls. Still keeping firm contact with his tongue, his back, and his crotch, I freed my right arm and worked it between us. I began to knead his right tit with my right hand and his left tit with my right elbow. His whole body trembled.

Suddenly I released him and stepped back. He leaned against the wall looking limp, panting heavily. But I didn't give him a chance to catch his breath. I pinned him to the wall with my knee in his crotch and lightly brushed my knuckles across his turgid nipples. He looked up at me sharply as I began to tap the hard muscles of his pees with my fists. Slowly I increased the force of the blows, maintaining a steady rhythm. My knuckles massaged the flesh on both sides of his nipples but never touched the nipples themselves. Again his eyes were closed, his head was pressed back against the wall and the tendons of his neck stood out like ropes under the black stubble-shrouded skin. My knee ground into his crotch and my fists continued to knead his chest muscles as the first audible sounds came from his lips, faint gasps immediately following each blow.

I stopped, and at the point in the rhythm where the next blow should have come he stopped breathing. He held his breath waiting for what would come, knowing that it was going to hurt more than the brutal pounding he had been receiving. And I didn't disappoint him, I struck again, this time letting my

knuckles crush his protruding nipples against his ribs. He cried out in combined pain and pleasure, I hit him again and again and again, until I could feel his knees begin to lose their stability. I pulled him forward, away from the wall, and jerked his T-shirt up over his head, exposing his furry chest. He still seemed somewhat dazed as my mouth clamped firmly to his tenderized right nipple.

With my body I again pinned him to the wall as I gently licked and sucked at one nipple then the other, moving back and forth, soothing him until he stopped trembling. While my tongue and lips caressed his nipples, my hands caressed his hairy chest, my finger twining in the curly black fur. When he was again in control of himself, my teeth joined softer mouth parts in their assignment on his tits and my fingers began to include bits of skin from his chest and abdomen in their caresses. Soon I was literally gnawing at his chest with my mouth and constantly pinching bits of hairy skin with my rapidly moving fingers. I quickly ended the few moments of calm I had generated and he was literally vibrating in his efforts to keep his muscles under control.

I pulled my head away and again gripped his nipples in my fingers, now I could see him wince at my slightest touch. Again I lifted my hands and his torso followed without resistance until he could stretch up no further. Then I pulled my hands down until he was kneeling before me. Without releasing his nipples, I pressed my crotch into his face, pinning his head between my crotch and the wall. I felt his mouth open, seeking out my throbbing cock. "My hands are busy," I hissed, speaking the



first words since our encounter began, "you get it out." His mouth worked frantically at my Levis until my cock was down his throat. I pumped against him hard, filling his throat with my meat as I pinched and jerked savagely on his tits, timing my punishment with the rhythm of my hips.

As I came, I kept my cock rammed well down his throat, pinning his head against the wall. Shooting. Simultaneously I pulled hard on his tits maintaining constant pressure until my cock had stopped spilling into his throat. I moved back slightly, releasing his head and, for the first time since they had gone behind his back, his hands came up and surrounded my body, pulling my crotch forward as he licked all of the cum from my loose foreskin and tongued my balls. Then he slid lower until he was lying on his back on the filthy floor looking up at me, his eyes pleading. But the plea turned to sparkling pleasure when I lifted my booted foot and planted it on his hairy chest, digging my heel into his tortured tit. His hands flew to his crotch and exposed his long, hard cock. I ground my heel first into one tit and then the other until he cried out in pleasure and his body shook beneath my boot. His cum shot up over his chest and my foot massaged the sticky white globs into his curly black hair. "Thank you, Sir," he said. "Thank you, thank you."

The above may sound like a hot piece of fiction or a wild fantasy trip, but it is a pretty close to accurate rendition of a scene I had on the first floor of the Mineshaft one night years ago. It was the kind of scene I often typically get into. I particularly remember one fine rainy day in Provincetown when the beaches emptied into the Atlantic House bar and I spent a delightful afternoon drinking Cape Codders and playing with a lineup of four sets of tits. I

felt like Lionel Hampton at the marimba as my fingers and mouth moved quickly back and forth across the row of hard chests with eight points of interest, trying constantly to keep all four owners in an appropriate state of pleasure. It's experiences like this that make me realize how much work it is to be a Top!

As you may have guessed, I'm heavily into tit work and I am finding a steadily increasing number of men who realize that the cock and ass are not the only erogenous zones on the male torso. Tits vary considerably in size and shape. The nipple may be a small nub. In some men it is so small it is impossible to grip between the thumb and forefinger, or, in some cases, even between paired fingernails. But the tits are one of the few non-muscular areas that definitely respond to exercise. Even small or average sized nipples will grow into protrusions the size of the final segment of your little finger if given the proper treatment.

You may say that you can't figure out what all the fuss is about, your trick or lover plays with your tits and you don't feel a thing, unless he pinches too hard and then it just hurts. I was in the same place once. But fortunately my lover liked to play with tits. Since it was neutral to me I let him. But then I discovered a strange thing, when he didn't play with them, I wanted him to. They had become sensitized. Now I love to have my tits caressed, licked, sucked, etc. And, when I'm with another Top, I enjoy having a tit-squeezing duel. I'm happy to say that I haven't lost one of these yet, but there was one match that I will have to call a draw, after over two hours of almost constant simultaneous work with a German Top I met one night, again at the storied Mineshaft.

Mention the subject of tit torture and a variety of images spring to mind. These include visions of snap clothespins pinching tits or any one of the huge variety of tit clamps available from toy stores and mail order operations. Picture pierced tits, with rings or bar penetrating the flesh to catch the lights on the gyrating torso of a muscular dancer. Picture tits holding weights. Picture tits serving as bondage attachment points in

a heavy S&M scene. Perhaps you see a victim tied to an Indian stake as long splinters of wood are used to pierce his chest, or tied to a TopMan's torture rack as needles similarly violate the body. Or instead maybe you visualize a pair of boxers connecting with steady blows to the chest or a prisoner tied to a post or grate as a cat or another whip is applied to the bared chest. Or you see *A Man Called Horse* (or the subject of a Catalan painting) hanging with his entire body weight suspended from eagle talons embedded in his chest muscles.

All of these are popular forms of tit torture among S&M people. Assuming you wish to keep your victim alive, electricity must be totally avoided for tit torture. Electrical torture can be fun in an S&M scene, but it must be used with great caution, and the electrodes must never be attached above the waist. The heartbeat is electrically controlled and external electrical stimuli above the waist can interfere with the functioning of the heart, which could be fatal. A less dangerous hazard is the possibility of infection from piercings. Care should be taken with piercing but, with appropriate caution, it can be a very important and hot part of a safe scene.

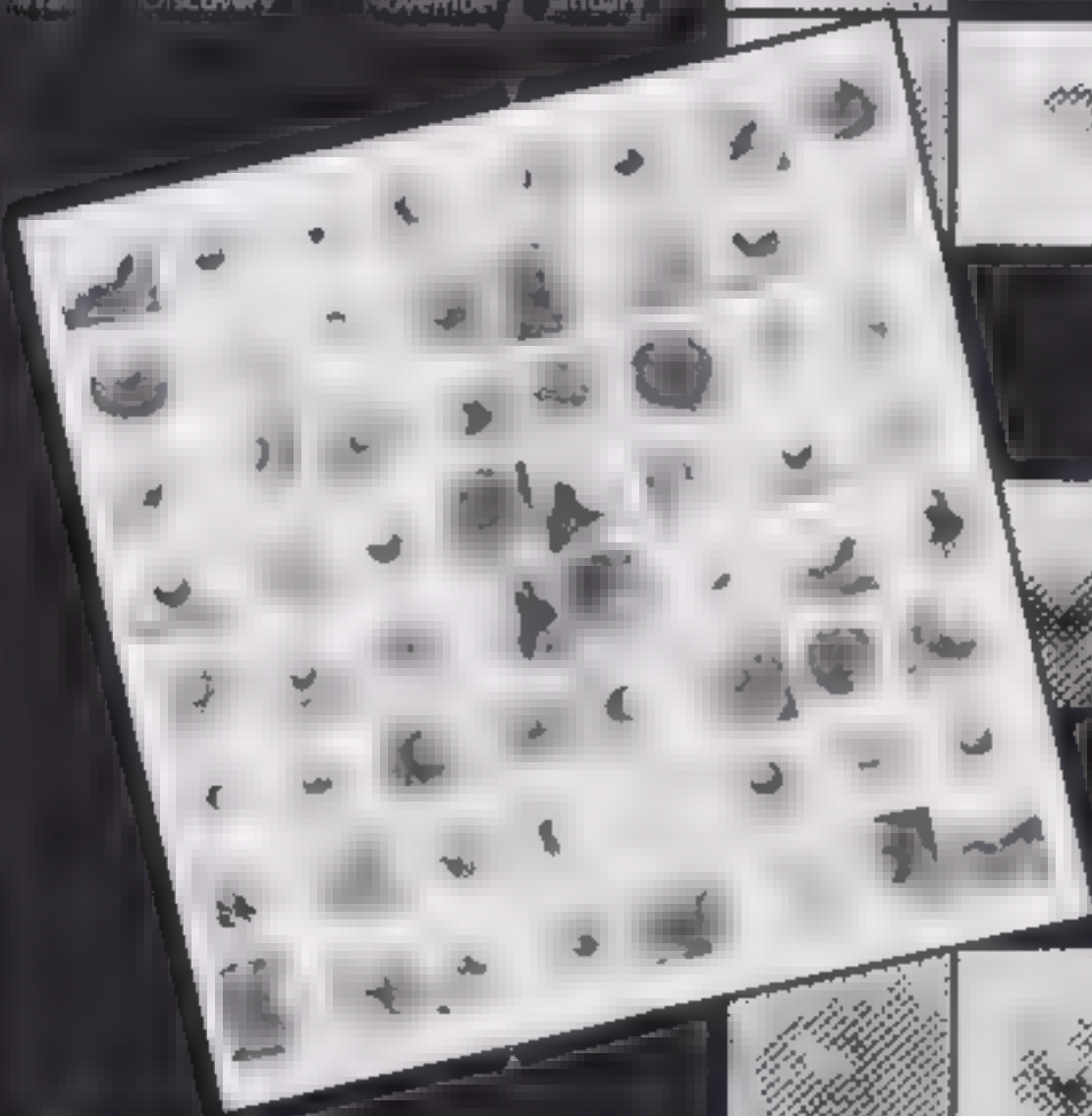
A variety of fairly standard tit clamps are available from most toy sources (such as Sandmutopia Supply Co.—POB 11314, San Francisco CA 94101-1314). And even more possibilities will appear if you use a little imagination while browsing through the aisles of your favorite hardware store. But while tit clamps in various forms are fun and useful, my favorite tit torture implements are attached to the ends of my arms. I can have a better time using just my fingers than anything else. I get a closer sense of what I am doing and feel as though I am capable of "fine tuning" the torture. In addition to the "finger techniques" described in the encounter above, imagine having a hunky stud tied spread-eagle to a bed. Get yourself into a comfortable position, then very gently caress his tits with your first finger 100 times, then move on to the next finger for a repetition of the set. When you get through all four fingers and the thumb, the first finger is rested and can start all over again. Each brush of a finger is a gentle caress, but after several hundred of them, or several thousand, each "gentle caress" is like a touch of sandpaper or the rasp of a file. This scene can last for hours. It is interesting to see what strong responses you can get from such minimal action.

Tits—they're fun, they're safe, and all too often they're overlooked as points of eroticism. In this issue of *Drummer*, you'll find them in all sizes, shapes, and colors. Welcome to the torrid territory of touchable tits. □

TIT FETISH FEATURE

To our readers and contributors can plan ahead, we list upcoming special topics of future issues. Check the schedule below and send us your stuff. Fiction, major articles and major photo spreads (Deadline 1) must be received well in advance of the deadline for Tough Customers, Club news, classified ads and other shorter pieces (Deadline 2).

Drummer	Fetish Feature	Deadline 1	Deadline 2
#122	Cigars	Too Late	Too Late
#123	SoloSex	Too Late	October 1
#124	Bodybuilders	Too Late	November 1
#125	Bikers	October 1	December 1
#126	Discovery	November 1	January 1



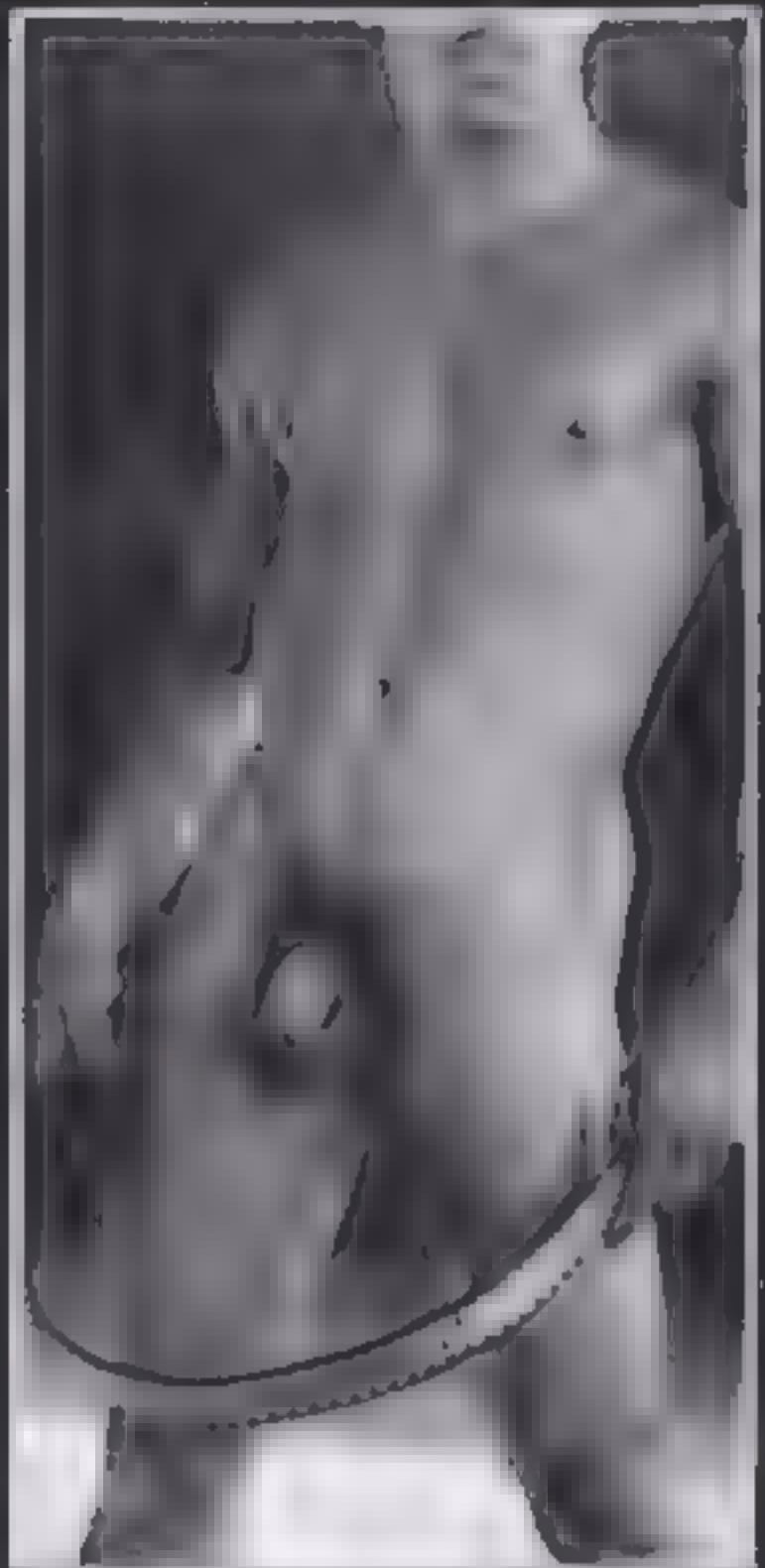
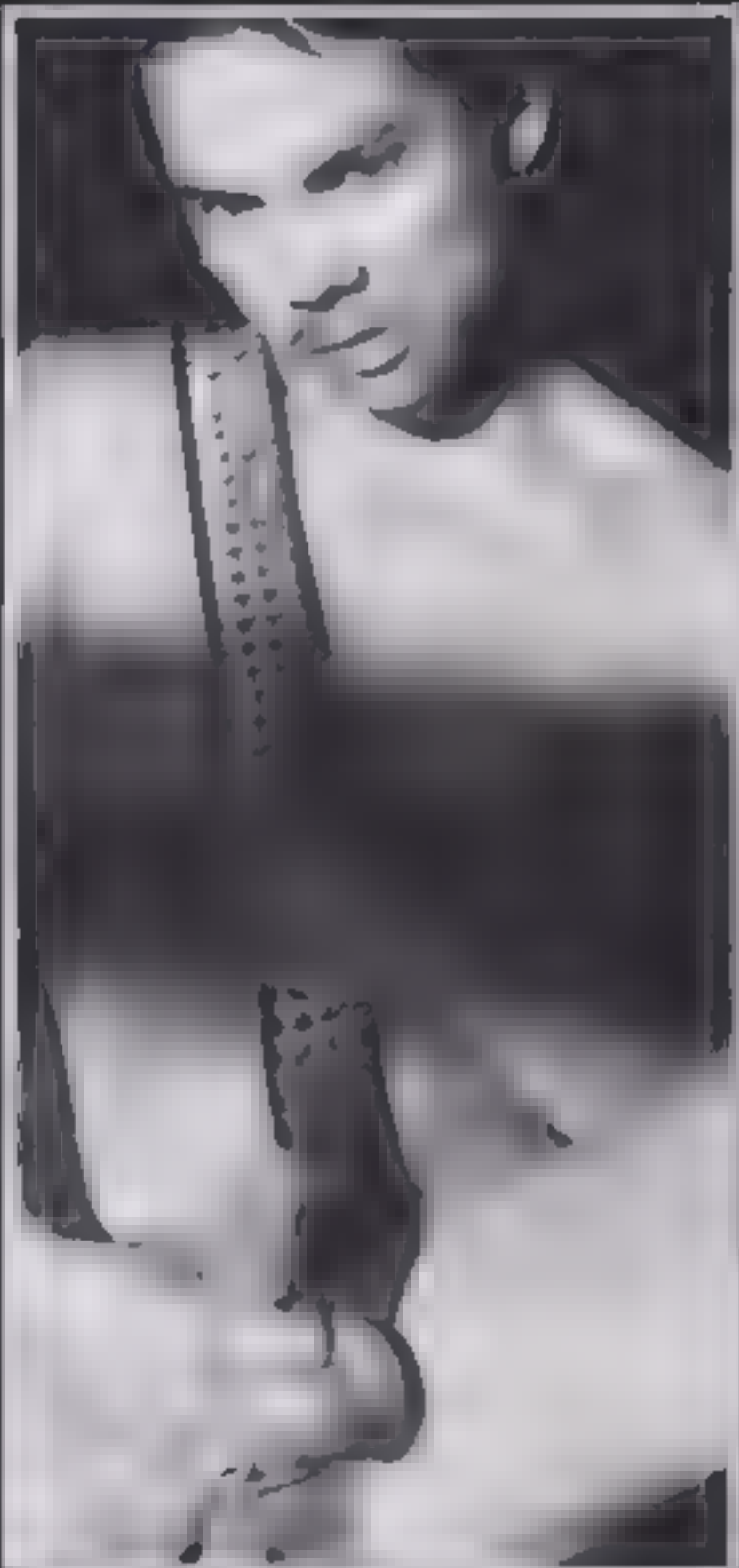
The Tits poster was conceived and executed by San Francisco photographer Sam Bunn. It is a 22" square calendar in 1983. The Tits part is a 22" square montage of 64 tit photos—it looks great framed! Sandmutopia Supply Co. (PO Box 11314, SF CA 94112) still has a few of these available. \$20 each + \$2.00 shipping.

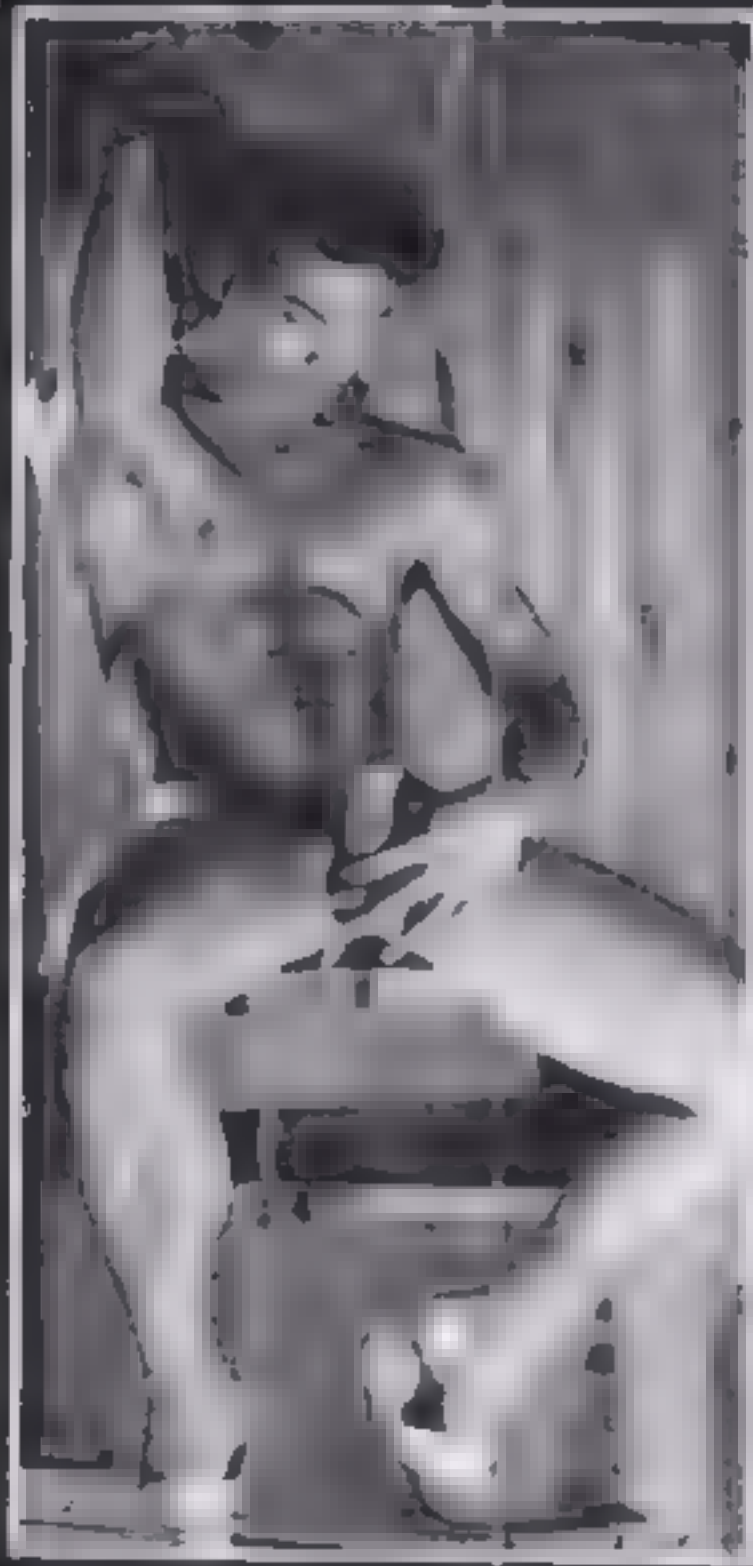


MIKE ROCK

photos
by
**Scott
Chapman**

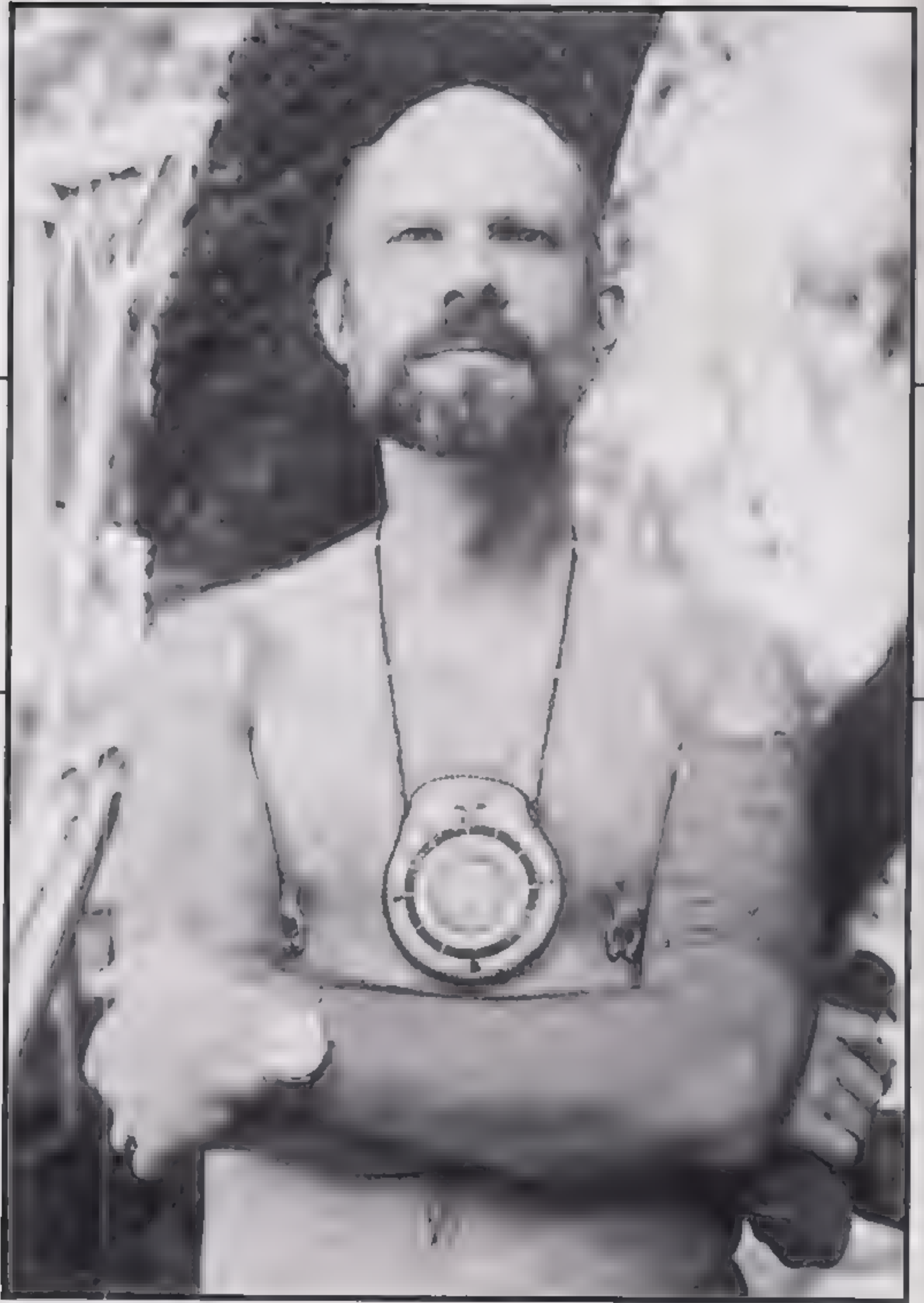












DRUMMER 121

Bonds of Metal

Here must all distrust be left behind, all cowardice must be ended
—Dante, 1310

It's one of those twists of fate that Master Piercer Jim Ward has the most penetrating—piercing—blue eyes I have ever seen. And yet this is a man possessed with the calmness of the Aegean Sea on a clear cold day at noon. Jim Ward is known throughout the SM scene as one of the most experienced Master Piercers around. As owner of the Gauntlet and Publisher/Editor of *Piercing Fans International Quarterly*, Jim Ward has established himself as someone in the front of the movement for Safe, Sane, and Consensual sexual practices. And perhaps just as importantly, this is a man who in many ways has shown us how to live. Ritual and brotherhood—here are two personal accounts of permanent piercing experiences with Jim Ward.

... sweet navigated journey after journey coming to yourself within a dark wood where the ways of lightness are cast aside—here—in this warrior place there is no room for distrust and it is in this SM place where all cowardice must be ended. Into eternal darkness, into fire and into ice. Into the intertwined sweetness of warrior brotherhood as if brotherhood and magical connections, the razzle dazzle of all our possibilities, were what fed you. What kept you alive. What kept you connected. What kept you on the warrior level because you knew in the shadows of who you are that this is the level where you belong. And, ah, the erotic whirlwind tempests.

Ritual About ten of my naked brothers held me down when the tattooed man with the magic blue eyes—and his calmness—put the needle up to the pissend of my cock—slowly—just the pinprick of the needle barely touching the lips of the swelling head. The pressure from the arms holding me to be still—he still we are with you—bore down on me as my mind felt, seized, desired—and the tattooed man bore through my cock, through the urethra... blood. I tensed.

No, be still we are with you we are with you. With you. Looking into the laughing eyes of the naked warriors holding me down while the light from the sacred torches in the tent spoke to the universe in tongues of intoxicated pain.

Ritual A shining metal ring was inserted into the bloody hole in my cock. I had not realized that the hole would extend down so much, but it was a very large ring. And once in another land it was the ring of one of my brothers, a warrior of very great strength, now gone, vanished. Into sighs where warriors become beautiful

masculine night whispers, that battlefield where warriors meet, vanished. I am privileged to have his metal ring now inserted into the flesh of my cock—he lives.

He lives. I can feel him with me.

Into darkness, into desire—ritual—into places void of light. Sometimes I allow another warrior brother to kiss the metal ring. On his knees. That humble place—on his knees—where he is familiar.

On his knees I allow him to hold the ring gently in his penitent teeth. I look into his eyes. Sperm now shoots—loud and wailing—from two cockholes and this is magically different from sperm shooting, paroxysm, outraged, erupted, exacerbated savagely out of merely one cockhole. Where once there was one there are now two openings in my cock from which a thick metal ring hangs and dangles when I'm soft and presents itself like an auspicious cold metal gnawing when I am hard and bloodthirsty.

Ritual I have been chained to a wall with a lock connected to my metal ring—chained—going places never fathomed, never dreamed possible, starless, mad, and held firmly by the arms of my many connected brothers making love and tumult. Warring warriors connected to the whirlwind.

Connected to cock. Connected to the state of being connected, that addiction, that place of cum, and pain, and omnipotent delight. Blood dries. Wounds heal. Souls are quenched and satiated. Metal rings touch cock-to-cock. And clash in ancient combat. Here, in this warrior—ritual—place all distrust must be left behind; all cowardice must be ended. All desire born into flame, into flesh, and into the adventure of the ringed warrior soul.

TPB

Jim Ward will be making Bay Area appearances—piercing clinics—throughout the summer the second weekend of each month Saturdays at Mr. S Leathers And Sundays at Image Leather If you can't make any of those you will also be able to find Jim at Interno in September and the Living in Leather conference scheduled for October in Seattle

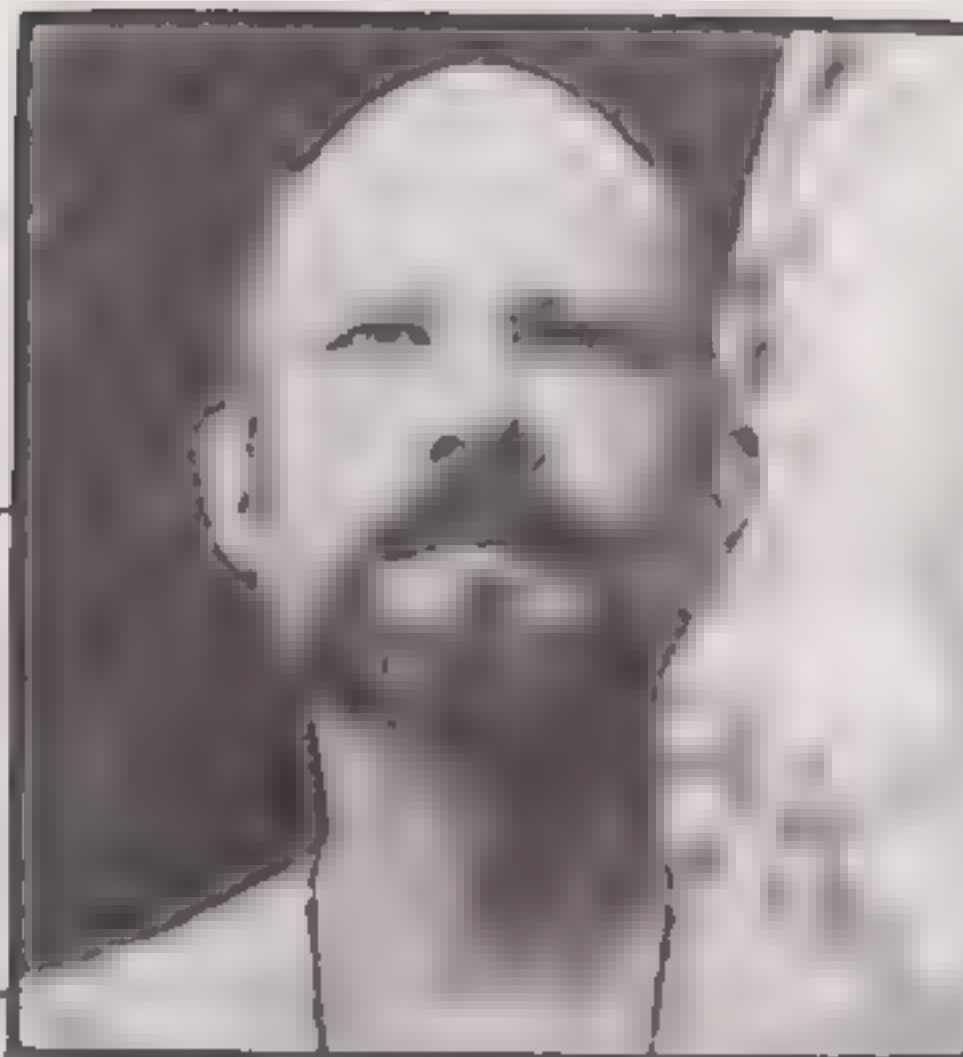


Photo by Mark L. Cheater

I live to one I buzzed the door of Mr. S Leather Products and entered with my lover, knowing that when I left I would have metal rings embedded in my body. At this point the reality of what was about to occur hit me and I wondered momentarily whether I really wanted permanent rings. The reality was that I did.

Jim Ward had me strip shirtless, he prepped my chest with a brown antiseptic. He had me stand up straight so that he could mark where the holes would be made in my nipples.

"OK, sit," he said.

I sat again with my legs between his. I felt the reassuring pressure of his thighs and the support of my lover standing beside me.

"Which side do you want done first?" he asked.

"The right," I answered, "naturally!"

He took a pair of what looked like pliers (but which, instead of having a straight blunt end, had triangles with a hole through the middle) and lined the hole up with the two black dots he had drawn on either side of the nipple. The pliers were held closed on my tit.

"Hold this a moment," he said, indicating the pliers as he wrapped a lethal-looking stainless steel needle.

The needle was hollow and straight with a small indentation at the following end. Jim also picked up a cork before once again taking hold of the pliers. I felt the sharp point of the needle against the soft flesh of my nipple and I tried to relax into the coming pain.

I looked at my lover then closed my eyes as Jim pushed the needle through my nipple. At such moments time stands still, it seems. The needle passed through what had to be a mile of flesh, or at least it appeared to take forever to get to the other side. The pain was intense, much more intense than an injection, which was how I had imagined it would feel. The pain completely took me over so that I didn't have to try not to flinch—I felt I couldn't. Because I felt secure in Jim's experienced hands and because my lover was with me in case of emergency, I felt safe and was able to let the pain flow through me without anxiety. After Jim had forced the needle to the cork on the other side of my nipple he fitted the ring into the indentation on the rear end of the needle, pulled the ring through, and closed it.

At last I had a pierced nipple! I had wanted this moment for so long and joy swept through me, a result of achieving a long held goal and a result of the delicious pain that had racked my very being. I was amazed that I had survived—I hadn't flinched at all, hadn't cried out, hadn't thought of anything except the pain taking

control of me.

"You look positively cherubic!" said Jim as he noticed the smile which had enveloped my face.

"You like it already," laughed my lover.

However, now I had a second ring coming and the thought of going through all that again was unnerving to say the least.

The same procedure was repeated, but for some reason the left nipple hurt three times as much as the right had. The agony was thrilling but excruciating.

"Can I take this?" I wondered to myself before answering, "must."

At the completion of the second ring, I was sweating and breathing irregularly. I felt faint and knew that I wasn't too far from passing out. Jim put my head between my knees and made me push my head against his hand which rested on the back of my neck. My arms and legs were buzzing and I could only speak in a whisper.

When the rings were in place I looked down at them proudly and felt great fulfillment. My smile threatened to overwhelm my face. I was genuinely grateful to Jim for his patience, his expertise, and for having given me the gift of pain which is integral to the experience.

Those first three days were really the only time my piercings have ached. Sleeping was also complicated because I had to lie in such a way that I was not leaning on one of my new rings.

The healing process is slow. After three weeks my piercings were firming up and becoming more robust. The tits heal slowly. They react to temperature by throbbing every time it changes. This keeps me aware of my tits no matter what I am doing. To heal the piercings I washed each thoroughly with hydrogen peroxide initially about five times a day, and with Hibiclens, an anti-bacterial and anti-microbial surgical scrub. For those who are into shaving, Hibiclens is wonderful, because if it is applied after shaving, it dramatically reduces the number of follicles which get infected.

Piercing is not for everyone certainly, but for those who are prepared to explore their bodies it is essential. The mental result of my piercing has astounded me. These metal rings have been a source of great happiness, pride and mental satisfaction. I feel I have taken control of my body and my physical appearance. I cannot stop my body from growing or aging, I cannot change my skin from white to black, but now I can augment my physique to reflect my concept of myself. I have faced the needle and know and trust it. My odyssey is just beginning. I am free to alter my body. I want it to reveal my dreams.

Alexander Bagoas

INTERVIEW WITH MASTER PIERCER

JIM WARD

OF THE GAUNTLET

Drummer: Why piercing . . .

Jim Ward: Are you talking about personally or professionally? (pauses) Or both?

Can you separate one from the other? The professional from the personal or are they—for you—intermixed?

Well, my personal involvement with piercing . . . I'm not sure at exactly what point that fascination developed. In the late sixties, I got involved in the leather scene in New York. It was discovering nipple play that really began the exploration. At that time there was a man involved in the scene by the name of Fernando—he's something of a legend—he pierced my nipples. Eventually I connected with another man who had studied piercing for over thirty years and who knew that I made jewelry; he wanted to see if we could expand together which eventually led to our creating the Gauntlet in Los Angeles.

How many people over the years have you pierced?

Gauntlet is twelve years old. Easily over ten thousand, particularly if you figure a thousand a year, and we do more than that . . .

Do you have a preference; are there certain piercings that are more interesting for you to do?

Some are harder than others. Some of the more intense ones require more focus, more discipline. An ampallang can be difficult. Piercing can be an experience where you're really testing the person's mettle who is going to be pierced. An ampallang is a piercing that goes through the head of the penis—there's a lot of tissue to have to work through. It takes about ten seconds of getting through. And a lot of strength . . .

The question arises—how many piercings does Jim Ward have?

Let's see. I have three ear piercings, a septum, two nipple piercings, a Prince Albert, a Frenum, and I had a guiche but I didn't like it. So it's healed.

Isn't piercing dangerous?

Anything that we do—crossing the street—has the potential of being dangerous. Piercing is something that if you're considering getting into it you should do some studying; educate yourself. Put yourself in the services of a professional. Make sure it's sterile in that the implements need to be sterile, while the place it's done in simply needs to be clean. Piercing is something tribal people have had done to their bodies for thousands of years.

Which piercings are the hardest to heal?

Personally, I think there are two or three. Again, the ampallang can take up to a year to heal. A guiche can take time as well. And a guiche was designed for cultures where they didn't wear pants. When you wear pants all the time and you live in a culture where you sit a lot, the guiche is difficult. A Prince Albert heals the quickest. The thing I like to impress upon people is that they have to take care of themselves while the piercing is healing. You have your tit pierced and you let someone suck on it, chances are you might develop an infection—you have to be careful.

One of the things you emphasize in your approach to piercing is the whole ritual aspect that can be a part of it . . .

Our society deprives us of what I call a rite of passage. A young man growing up; a boy becomes a man. And he has to have some kind of a ritual that says he's gone through this life

transition. On an unconscious level one of the ways we used to satisfy this is when the Army recruit or the Navy boy goes out and gets drunk and then gets tattooed. With the advent of the piercing scene, there's an alternative.

How do you define a "play piercing" from a "permanent piercing"?

Well, with a play piercing you know that this is going to be a hole, but not necessarily one that you'll wear jewelry in all the time. I have several piercings in the skin of my cock that were basically done for play. I don't wear rings in them although I wear one, of course, in the PA. A permanent piercing is a bit more serious—it's going to be part of you—and you know that this is something you want to live with.

Do you have any words of advice to people who are interested in piercing?

Absolutely. These days it's really important to connect with people who know what they're doing. Don't let anyone pierce you who you don't trust or in some way know that they're competent. It's not something that you can learn in a day. If someone wants to use an ear piercing gun on you anywhere other than your ears tell them to get lost. I've seen the louisiest nipple piercings—real messes—done where those guns were used. And remember that ear jewelry is for ears. It's not for other parts of the body. Does the person doing the piercing use an autoclave for their needles? The needles have to be sterile.

What about piercings done during scenes?

If you're getting pierced during a scene you have to be twice as careful.

Are people who live in more remote—conservative—areas of the country into piercing?

You'd be surprised. The fascination isn't limited to gay men in urban environments. People who live in more remote places are more apt to do their own piercings. If you live in a more isolated area and there's no one around who's going to do the piercing for you and you want to do it yourself, you have to really study all of the techniques before you practice on yourself.

What kinds of sterile technique do you use?

A tattooist once explained it to me—obviously—you can't call it a sterile procedure unless it's being done in the hospital. So we call it a clean procedure. And that means the environment has to be as clean as possible. The materials you use have to be clean. The skin has to be cleaned with antiseptic. I carry my own sterilizer to all the clinics I do. The needles we use are essentially like a hypodermic. People ask why we use them. They're easy to use and easy to get hold of.

Do you use separate needles for each piercing?

They are never shared.

My cock will never be the same!

The thing you have to remember about the experience is that it'll change you forever. Once it's done—once there's another hole in your body that you use sexually—you'll never be exactly the same ever again. Even if you allow a piercing to heal. The fact remains that once you've been pierced you've gone through a physical and probably a mental transition and there will never be any kind of "going back . . ."

TEXAS TITS



**Fiction
by
Greg
Nero**

**illustration
by
Tom
of
Finland**

When he first started on the loading dock, Tank really pissed me off. He knew it, too, even if he didn't know why. He worked extra hard to try and keep me happy, "Yes, Sir"-ing this and "No problem, Sir"-ing that, always wondering when I was going to snarl at him next. I laid the heavy-duty attitude trip on him partly because he was new and I wanted to make sure he figured out who was the boss, partly because I sensed he got off on taking orders, but mostly because he made me hornier than hell and I had to blow off steam somehow. I mean, my fuckin' cock ached just thinking about him.

His real name's Dominic, but after the first day on the dock the rest of the guys started calling him Tank. It's an apt description. He's one of the best-looking Texas boys I have ever laid my Texas eyes on, the kind that must have started lifting weights when he was three. He's only about 5'8" but his 220 pounds—that's right, 220—is all solid fuckin' muscle. None of that sleek, candy-ass bodybuilder muscle, either. I'm talking enormous, over-sized, powerlifter-type muscle. The kind that gives a guy shoulders a yard wide, a bull neck, traps that start behind the ears, mountainous pecs you can set a beermug on, a massive back with lats so flared it's impossible for him to put his cannonball-sized arms down at his sides, a thick hard-as-rock gut, and thighs that would shame an elephant.

The kid is a fuckin' monster, some might even say grotesque, but he can do the work of two men and so quickly earned the respect of the others. Besides, beauty being in the eye of the beholder and all that shit, one man's grotesque is another's hunk of Grade-A Prime and, let me tell you, looking at Tank is like setting the thermostat in my balls on High.

But like I said, the kid—and I call anyone who's only 25 a kid—really picked my ass. He was being a fuckin' cocktease. Here's this Texas boy loaded with muscle and for some mysterious reason he keeps most of it covered up. What the fuck gives?

It's ninety in the shade, everyone else is either in a T-shirt or stripped to the waist, and he's wearing a bulky flannel shirt! Sure, he's got the arms chopped off and most of the buttons undone, but he's still cover-

ing up the best fuckin' part of the male anatomy. Now, don't get me wrong, a hard cock and a tight ass are important but nothing beats two worked-over nipples on a set of bulging, muscular pecs.

The way he filled out his shirt, I figured Tank's tits must have been nothing short of spectacular. So why the fuck wasn't he showing them off? It ain't natural for a guy with muscle to keep it hidden, especially around other muscular guys. This cutesy, coy crap had to stop and, as luck would have it, it was some of the other guys who gave me the chance to make my move.

A bunch of us were sitting around on the dock eating lunch and shooting the breeze when, as it always does on a Friday, the question came up as to who was going to the bar after work for a few beers. That always leads to a heated argument on the bar's strippers, which usually degenerates into a crude discussion on the finer points of a woman.

"I'm a cunt man," stated Vic Morowsky, for something like the tenth time. "Cunt is definitely the best part."

"No, man, you're wrong," argued Manny Montoya, shaking his head. "Ass. Ass is where it's at."

His massive pecs sat low and heavy across his deep ribcage, two sweeping slabs of densely packed muscle more majestic than any mountain range. And capping each rounded peak was a good half-inch of hard, mouth-watering nipple about as thick as the end of my baby finger.

"You're full of shit," replied Morowsky. "Tank. Hey, Tank. What do you think is the best part?"

Tank is not a talker at the best of times, so being asked an opinion made him uncomfortable as hell. He looked around helplessly and shrugged those herculean shoulders of his, unable to speak.

That's when I decided to play my hunch. Looking him in the eye, I said, "I'll bet Tank's a tit man."

The look of embarrassed surprise in Tank's brown eyes said it all. Guilty as charged, Your Honor. His red face confirmed it.

I made a point of scratching my hard, quarter-inch left nipple through the fabric of my sweat-soaked T-shirt when I asked, "Am I right, Tank? Are you a tit man? Do tits turn you on?"

The rest of the guys roared in good-natured delight, getting a kick out of Tank's obvious unease, assuming he was shy but still one of them. I knew differently. The way he was staring at my tit and licking his lips told me the truth. I had him.

The horn signaling the end of lunch went off and the guys scattered to put their stuff away, giving Tank and me a few minutes alone. I walked up to him and he protectively crossed his arms over his broad chest.

"You didn't answer me, Tank," I growled. "Are—you—a—tit—man?"

Despite being bigger and stronger, Tank knew his place. He just didn't know me. After a long pause, his eyes downcast, he finally confessed, "Yes, Sir, I'm a tit man. I get off on tits, S r

Especially your own?" I prodded. His eyes met mine. They weren't shy any more. They were open and trusting, the eyes of a man confident that his secret was accepted and understood. "Take off your shirt," I ordered.

He did as he was told and boldly thrust out his tanned, hairless chest for inspection. Holy shit! The first time I laid eyes on his tits I just about crapped my drawers, I was so impressed. My wildest dreams had come true—ten times over. His massive pecs sat low and heavy across his deep ribcage, two sweeping slabs of densely packed muscle more majestic than any mountain range. And capping each rounded peak was a good half-inch of hard, mouth-watering nipple about as thick as the end of my baby finger.

I reached across and slid the palm of my hand over the curve of his left pec, feeling the warm satin smoothness of his skin and the unyielding muscle beneath. First tracing a finger along the outer edge, I then grabbed a handful of the bulging muscle, all the while marvelling at its size, shape and density, and gave it a good, hard squeeze. In response, almost as if he was showing off, Tank contracted his pecs and the muscle solidified like concrete under my touch. Beautiful, simply fuckin' beautiful.

I knew I was running out of time so I reluctantly released the pec and let my fingertips drift over Tank's impressive left nipple, a prime example of prolonged workouts if I ever saw one. Rolling it between thumb and forefinger, I stated the obvious.

'These are not virgin tits.'

'No, Sir. They've seen a lot of action, Sir.' Tank's voice dropped and he hesitantly asked, 'Would Sir do me the honor of giving them a workout?'

When I didn't reply right away, and let go of his tit to boot (out of the corner of my eye I could see some of the guys coming back), Tank looked into my face and in a barely audible voice begged, 'Please, Sir.'

I let him stew a few more seconds then said, 'Meet me at my car after work.'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Oh, and keep your shirt off,' I added. 'I want to be able to see those tits this afternoon.'

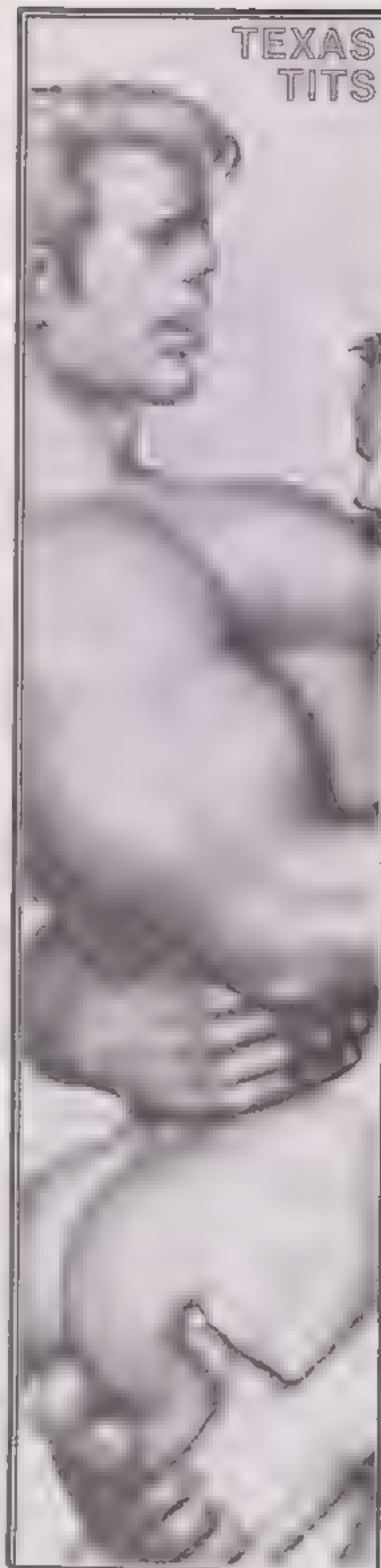
'But, Sir,' he stammered, 'the guys, uh, they'll see, too. They won't... understand.'

'Fuck the guys,' I sneered. 'It's me you gotta worry about.'

'Yes, Sir. I'm sorry, Sir.'

So that afternoon Tank worked with his shirt off. And man, let me tell you, my fuckin' balls burned every time I caught sight of those sweat-drenched pecs and gorilla-sized nipples. Maybe even more of a turn-on was watching how the other guys reacted to seeing Tank's tits. There was everything from stunned surprise to horror and disgust. Everybody looked, some stared, but no one had the guts to say anything out loud.

And Tank? Yeah, he was self-conscious at first. But as the day wore on his confidence grew and by the end of the shift, even his bulky, over-sized jeans (he needs 'em for his thighs) couldn't hide the hard-on he was sporting.



As ordered, he was waiting by my car at the end of the day. Without a word, I used his shirt to wipe the sweat off his pecs then reached into my lunch bucket for a couple of tiny, chrome-plated clothespins. I snapped them onto his tits, thinking they looked damn insignificant on the huge expanse of chest and knowing they were pretty Mickey Mouse for a guy with Tank's experience, but Tank let out a low moan and seemed to get off on them nonetheless, so I stopped worrying. I told him to get in.

Twenty minutes later, he was standing naked before me in my basement playroom waiting for whatever I had in mind. He looked fuckin' impressive. I ran an appraising hand over his shoulders, back, tight bubblebutt and tree-trunk thighs. This was going to be good.

I reached down and grabbed his cut, cum-dripping cock. It's just like him: short (maybe five inches) but thick, real thick. Imagine a sawed-off beer can and you'll know what I mean. I pumped it slow and rough-like a couple of times to get the feel of it, then slid down to grab his low-hanging bullnuts and give them a twist. Nice, real fuckin' nice.

I couldn't help smiling inwardly when I pulled the chrome clothespins off Tank's tits and his eyes blissfully glazed over for a moment as the blood rushed back into them. Talk about tit-sensitive! Fuck, if this is how the kid reacts to the Mickey Mouse stuff, I thought, he's going to freak when we start going heavy-duty. But I quickly reminded myself that going heavy-duty was a long, long way off yet and that even with a man of Tank's experience the pleasure of going from A to Z is hitting every letter in between.

With that in mind, and knowing how anybody who lifts weights gets off on his own pumped muscles, I led Tank over to the bench press and told him he was going to warm up by cranking off eight reps.

'Yes, Sir,' he replied, sliding smugly under the 200-pound barbell.

'But before you start,' I said, 'these are to remind you to concentrate on your pecs.' His eyes widened and his smug little grin vanished when he saw me pick up a couple of mean-looking, rubber-tipped alligator clamps from a nearby work bench and hold them a moment for his inspection.

He hoped gritting his teeth would

help but, no, he still ended up wincing in pain when I eased first one then the other clamp onto his tingling tits. "There, that'll help," I taunted. "Now, squeeze out them reps."

Like I knew it would be, the set was a piece of cake for him. Fine, let him think he was finished. I tapped the ends of his nipples (which made his cock jump and brought a nice whimper to his lips) and ordered him over to the incline bench, where I told him to use the thirty pound dumbbells and squeeze off eight reps of incline flyes, another great chest exercise.

Before Tank could open his mouth to complain, I gave the clamps a good twist to remind him who's boss. He let out a howl and I barked, "Is there a problem with that?" He obediently shook his head and, with his concentration focused back on his pecs, sat on the incline bench and did the flyes in strict form like a good boy.

He was a beautiful sight pumping that iron. His huge pecs alternately contracted and relaxed across his broad chest, his shoulders writhed in a blatant display of power and strength, and his cannonball arms grew to near-inhuman proportions. The man was a monster. But he was my monster.

And if I thought the muscle show was a beautiful sight, then watching those clamps turn Tank's swollen tits into concentrated pain receptors was nothing short of friggin' fantastic. They were tenderizing those tortured nipples real good and searing a memory of that workout into his brain he'd never forget. By the look on his face, I could tell he was hurtin' something fierce.

But if his face said one thing, his fat, vein-popping cock said another. It belied Tank's pained expression by pointing up at me like a loaded howitzer just itchin' to go off. All Tank needed was someone to pull the trigger. And, dammit, that someone was going to be me.

I had Tank repeat the exercises four times. He was exhausted by the time I finally let him stop but, man, you should have seen his chest, shoulders and arms. He was pumped bigger than a fuckin' house!

He looked so hot I was having real trouble controlling my baser instincts. I stripped down to a sweaty, piss-stained jockstrap and, let me tell you, the way my hard cock and aching balls were screaming for relief, it was all I could do to

keep from throwing Tank down and fuckin' him right then and there. So I did the next best thing. I took the clamps off his tits.

Sure enough, Tank's pecs were so pumped and his tits just tender enough that when the blood hit the nerve endings in his nipples, it zapped him like a bolt of lightning. He let out a howl and just about doubled over.

"No you don't!" I yelled. "Stand up! I want them tits pointing skyward! And keep your fuckin' hands at your sides!"

I gotta hand it to the kid, he might have had tears in his eyes but he stood up and thrust out his chest like a man. And he stayed like that, too, when I started grabbing handfuls of those heavy slabs and massaging the piss out of them and pounding them with my fists and just generally giving his chest the how-do-you-do once-over.

Before long I could feel Tank responding, flexing those pecs and resisting my rough attention. That's right, kid, I thought, fight me. Fight me hard. But Tank wasn't fighting and I knew it. Just the opposite. Any man with muscles welcomes the chance to show off the results of his work, to be inspected and compared, to be admired. I respect that.

"Okay, flex," I ordered. "Tighten

Sometimes I'd gently nip at those ol' nubs real delicate-like with my front teeth and other times I'd suck them deep into my mouth and grind them, grind 'em good. And then sometimes, for a nice change of pace, I'd flick over them with the end of my tongue, tickling the red-hot nips just enough to let him know I was there.

those pecs. Come on, Tank, let me feel those pecs bust outta that skin. Impress me, man. That's right, fuck n' impress me!"

When he hunkered down into a most-muscular I grabbed those large inviting nipples of his and spun them back and forth like dials to help him along. "That's it, kid. Keep flexin'. Flex 'em hard! Harder! Now, hold it! Hold it right there!" While he held the contraction, I bent down and took his left nipple between my teeth for some immediate oral sat sfaction. In no time I had him moaning and groaning and gasping for breath.

Sometimes I'd gently nip at those big ol' nubs real delicate-like with my front teeth and other times I'd suck them deep into my mouth and grind them, grind 'em good. And then sometimes, for a nice change of pace, I'd flick over them with the end of my tongue, tickling the red-hot nips just enough to let him know I was there (which, after all the rough stuff, seemed to drive Tank the craziest). It's true, you know, sometimes less is more.

The way my balls were churnin' I knew I wasn't going to last too much longer that time around. I took a quick glance at the glistening strands of pre-cum dripping from Tank's p le-driver and figured he was damn close, too. Time to go out with a bang, I thought.

I chewed on his tits a few more seconds, then told him to go lie down on the bench while I pulled off my jock and picked up a few toys. Then, telling him to hold onto the bar above his chest with a wide grip, I fastened a couple of Dutch Demons to his tits and draped the four-foot connecting chain over the bar so that about a foot of it ended up hanging down on the other side. He let out a low, guttural moan when I clipped some weight on the chain and his tits were stretched up from his chest. The expression of pained pleasure on his face was downright heart-warming. Man, I could hardly wait until we really got going and that weight started jumping up and down and jerking like crazy on those clamps. The teeth would make mincemeat outta those tits and then he'd really be fuckin' ecstatic!

As for me, my dick damn-near exploded when I attached an alligator clamp to one nipple, looped the thin connecting cord around my cock and balls and attached the second all ga-

tor to my other nipple. The cord was just the right length so that every time I stretched my torso there'd be a good yank on my tits. Ha, Tank wasn't the only one who was going to have some fun. I slipped on a condom, slapped on some lube and hefted Tank's stocky legs onto my shoulders, exposing his pretty pink asshole to the light of day.

Tank's pearly gate was a tight little fucker. I knew he was trying to be sociable and relax, but my dick's on the big side so it took some time and a lot of pressure before I could slip my cockhead past his sphincter into his shitchute. All the while, he's moaning and groaning and rolling his head back and forth and I can tell he's loving every intense minute of it.

Once my cockhead was in, though, I decided I'd been Mr. Nice Guy long enough and it was time to get down to some serious fuckin'. I took a deep breath and, with a grunt, rammed my cock right to the balls up that tight turdtunnel in one quick, gut-bustin' thrust.

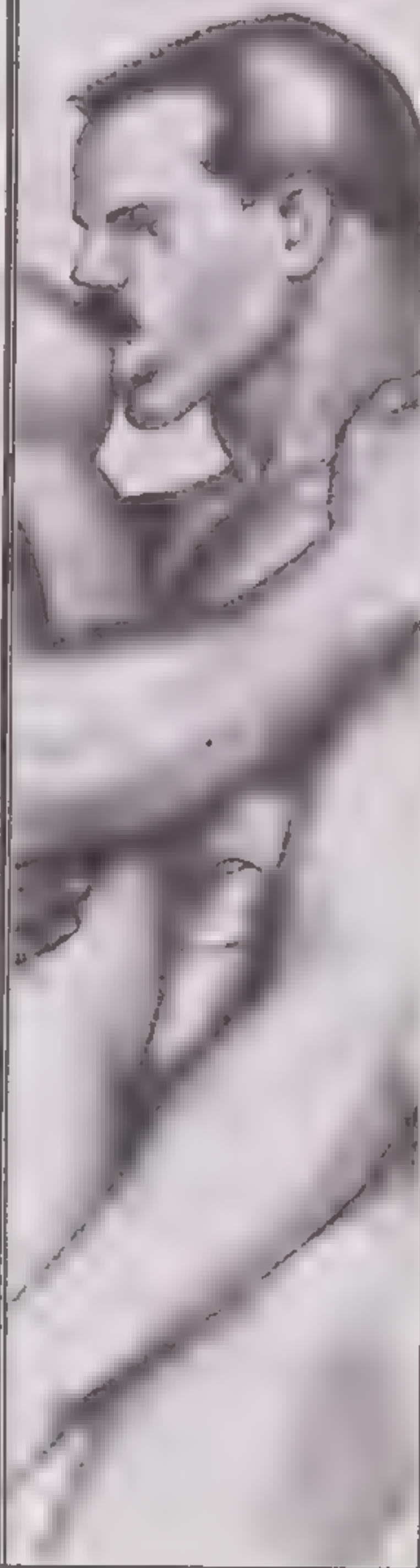
Going by the look of wide-eyed surprise on his face, you'd've thought Tank had never been fucked before. He let out a holler, his knuckles went white gripping the bar and I thought my dick was a goner the way his ass clamped down on it. The man sucked me into his butt.

Even better was how my tits felt once I got going in my Fucking Mode, what with the way the alligator clamps' teeth bit into them and tugged them every time I buried my dick in Tank's ass. My tits were on fire, they were hurting so good. And like they always do, the flames in my tits fanned my burning balls. It wouldn't be long now...

Tank looked like he was having the time of his life. He was right into getting his ass royally fucked now and I could tell that the clamps on his tits, with their added weight, were speeding him right where I wanted him to be. He was fuckin' awesome the way his muscles contorted and writhed all over his tanned upper body, the way his over-sized tits were caught in the clamps and pulled up from his carved pecs, the way his skin glistened with sweat under the dim lights and that look of total tit-induced absorption on his face. Fuck, he was hot!

By now I was panting like a bel-lows and sweating like a pig as I shoved my cock again and again into

TEXAS TITS



Tank's tight bubblebutt. When my balls had a sudden spasm I gasped, "Any second now! Any fuckin' second!" and started pounding harder and faster.

"Fuck me, Sir! Fuck me!" Tank grunted as he unclipped the clamps from his tits. Just like before, only worse, when fresh blood hit those starved nerve endings he roared "OHFUCK!" and started thrashing around like he was getting hit with 20,000 volts.

He reached down, barely touched his cock and it was spurtin' thick, creamy wads of cum all across his abs and chest. Some even hit him in the face, there was so much force behind it. I was right, he did have a fuckin' howitzer between his legs.

All this thrashing and bucking around triggered a mind-blowing explosion in my own balls. Throwing back my head to give a good hard tug on my tits, I let out a roar to match Tank's and damn-near passed out as I was hit with one heavy-duty contraction after another. A steaming load of gism rocketed up my cock and blasted out my pisshole deep into Tank's heaving gut. It's a good thing the latex was "Extra-Strength" because it felt like I was shooting bullets!

Man, it took a long time for Tank and me to recover from that first workout. Sometimes the first is the best. I'm happy to say that ain't so in our case. I know it sounds corny, but it just keeps getting better. We had a good time that weekend, getting to know each other in and out of the playroom. Turns out we were both what the other was looking for.

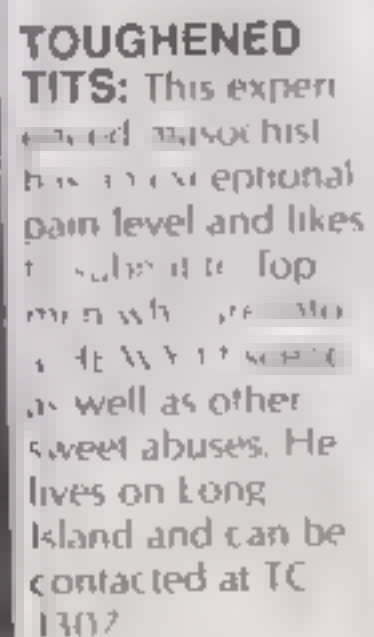
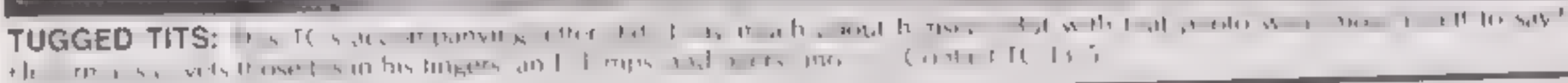
You should have seen Tank at work the following Monday. I made him wear his tightest T-shirt so that even when he was standing still there'd be some pressure on his super-sensitive tits and he'd keep remembering the weekend. And when he moved around, man, he was in absolute fuckin' agony.

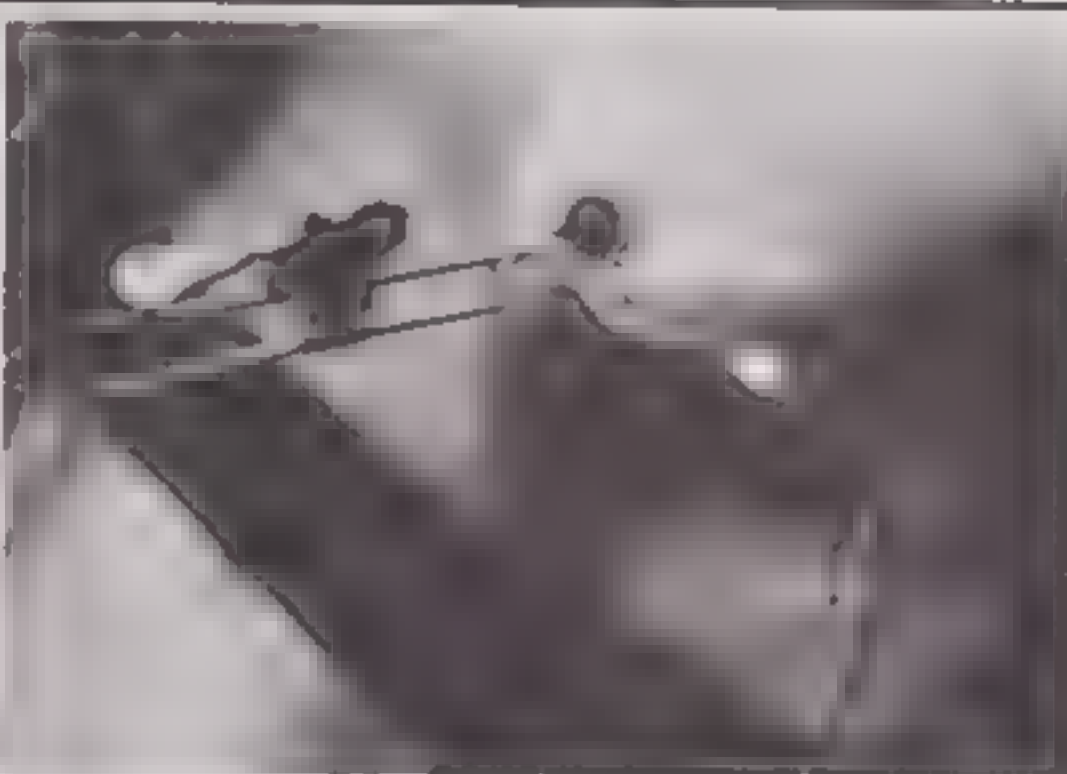
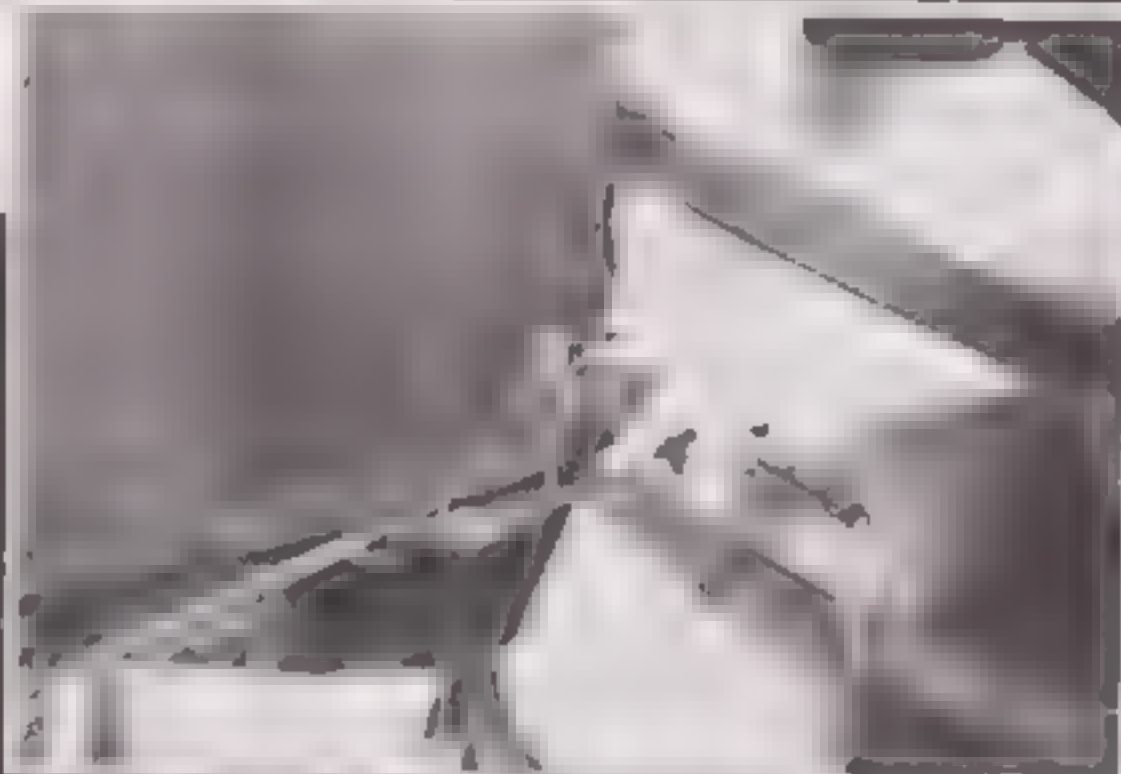
Now, unless I tell him to, he won't wear a shirt at work. He's proud of his pecs and the big, worked-over nipples on them. On Fridays, when we're all sitting around having lunch and talking about strippers and which is the best part and all, Tank'll look me right in the eye and say "Tits." And Tank ought to know. He's got the tweakiest tits in the State of Texas.

What I have is Tank...

□

TOUGH CUSTOMERS





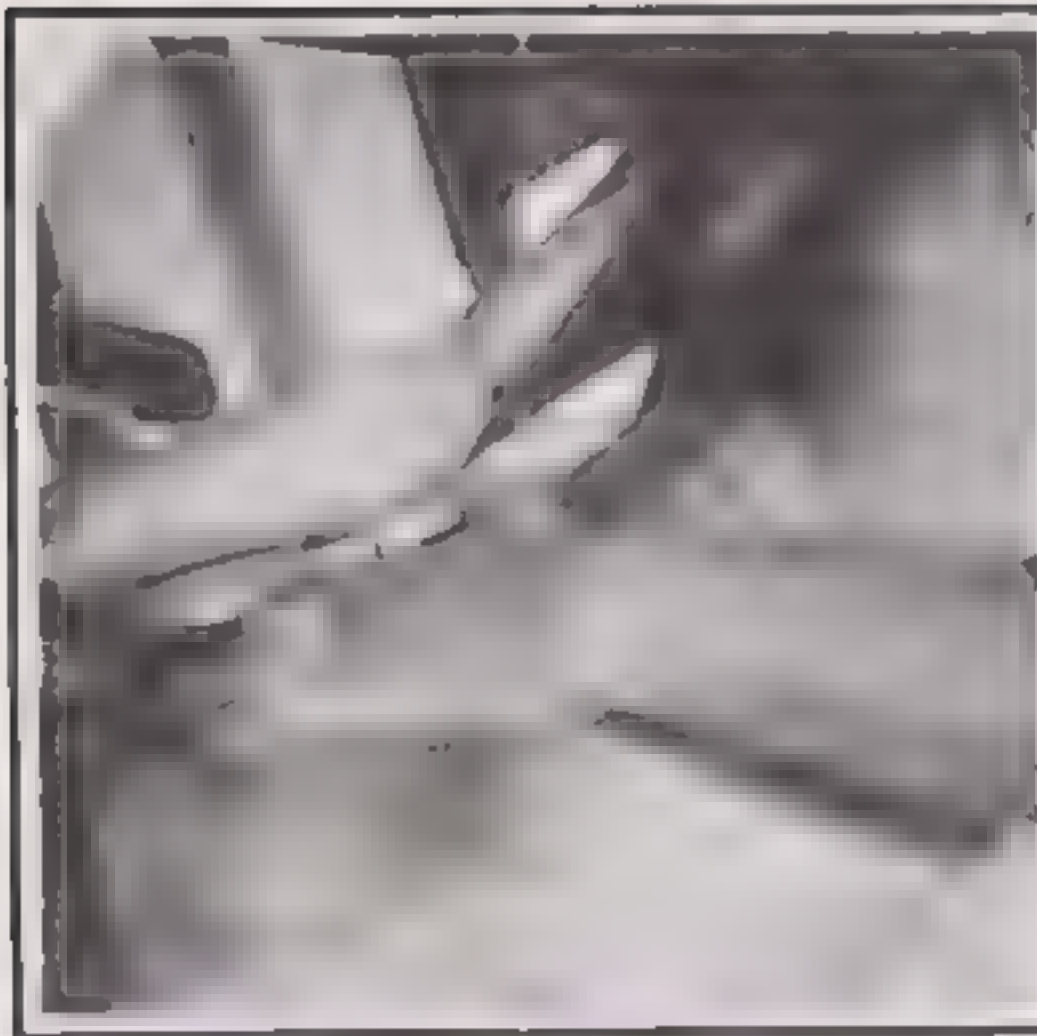
TRAPEZE TITS Th... through the air with the greatest of ease. He can take a lot of... and likes bondage and whips too. Contact TC 1301



TORTURED TITS

... through the air with the greatest of ease. He can take a lot of... and likes bondage and whips too. Contact TC 1301





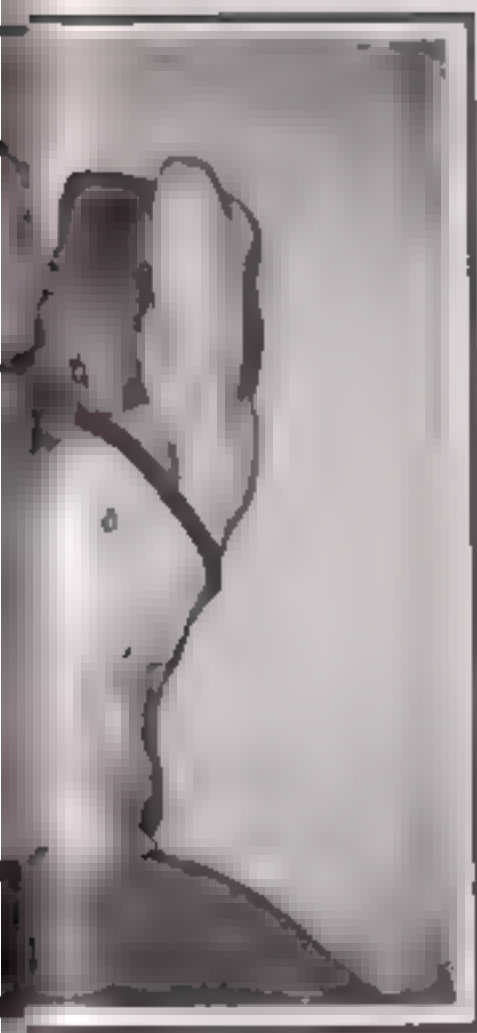
TATTOOED TITS: Tattooed thighs of fancy lady across his gleaming torso, threaten and embracing his... This TC...

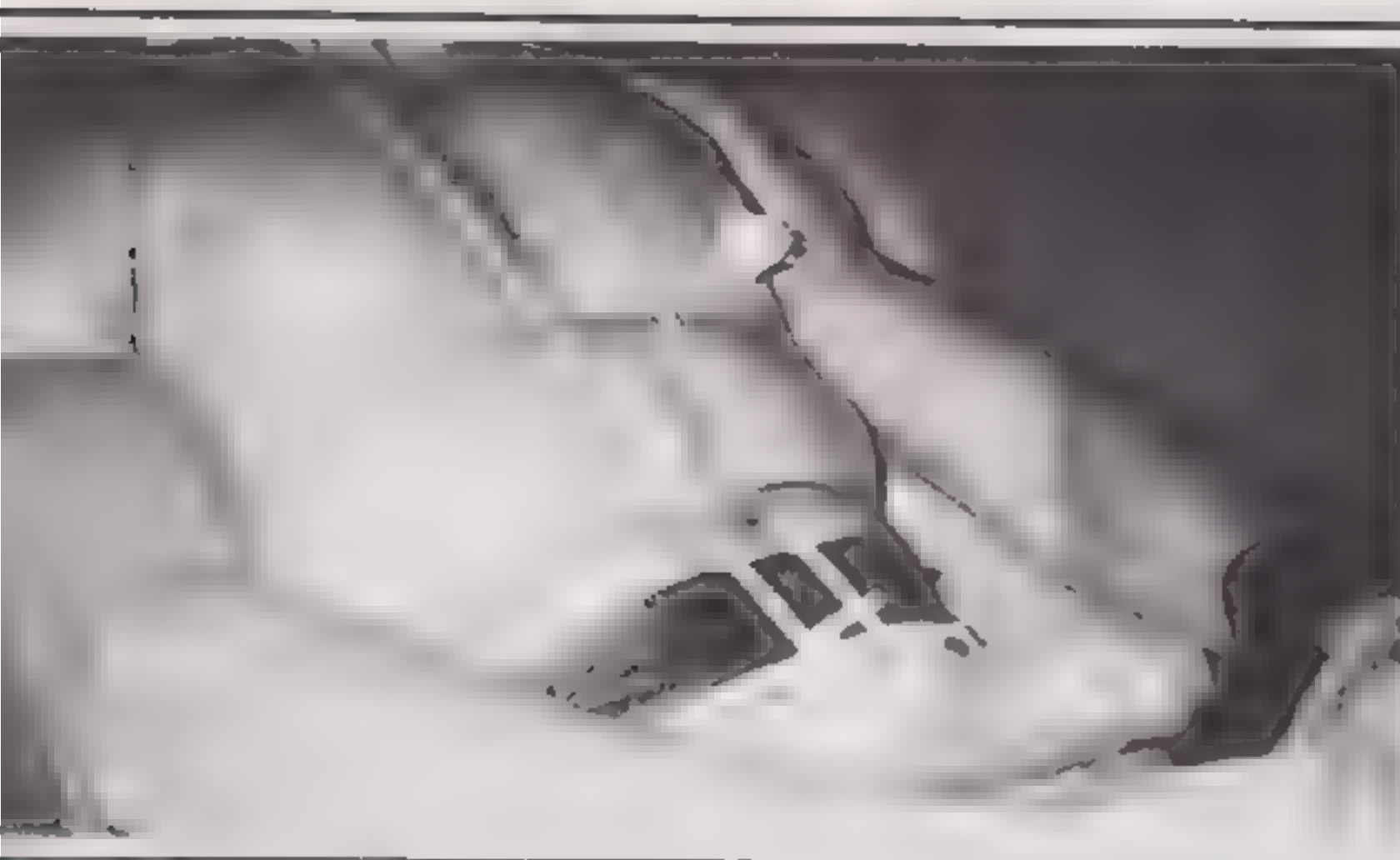


TITTS TOUGH CUSTOMERS

TREMENDOUS TITS

This Kentucky TC is a total slave who needs to be dominated by a leather Master who is into verbal abuse and wants to work over tits... He is also seeking information on non-hormonal...





TOWERING TITS: This 6'1", 40-year-old Californian says he is "looking for intense nipple action—and more. Looks like he found the action, but more" is never "enough." Contact TC 1314

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TITTS
TOUGH CUSTOMERS

TENACIOUS TITS

This 39-year-old red-headed tit-pig no longer wears the ring in the pictures, but he is still dedicated to nipple enlargement and extension, hours of nuzzling or one-sided tugging sucking, massaging and other non-penetrative tit culture. And as you might have guessed, he does other parts of the anatomy stretched and worked into. Max lives in New York but travels worldwide to the US and Europe and is looking for fellow tit culturists everywhere. TC 1316



Yes, I embraced infinity many times. It was indescribable. One can never turn back.

THE VIEW FROM A SLING

by
GEOFF MAINS
photos by
Zeus

Time Measured in the tired infinities between the occasional visits of friends. Time Measured by nurses' inspections, articulated by the drip of the intravenous, just over a second per drop.

Pain and anguish that become indistinguishable. A mind that drifts, fired ahead one moment, lurching to a halt the next. Last night, in the bed beside mine, Jim died. A rustle of gurneys' muted whispers in the dark night. In the morning, curtains pulled back to a newly-made bed awaiting a new soul. The apparatus of execution are poised about it: oxygen, intravenous stand, restraints (for those with a deteriorating nervous system). Poised above the bed is the dream machine. Devout are the friendships made in these last moments, these positions on the scaffold. Men I would never have dreamed of meeting. Dear men, brother men. In my end is my beginning.

There are times, it seems, when all of my complex life has become a blur, a strange segmented sequence of realities. I question constantly. The answers are not easy. Sometimes, in the corner of my cell, a vague middle-aged man, shriveled by maturity, takes notes on a clipboard pressed into his stylish, white lab coat. Is he summarizing the details of my life, preparing the registration and other papers for the hereafter? Sometimes I can will him away. Other times my thoughts have no effect. I no longer believe in the voice of reason, only the sound of the rain.



Where am I? My mind is dazed with the crawling of drugs. The room is dark, greasy splotches on the black walls. My legs are raised in the stirrups of the sling. My ass is exposed, waiting, puckered like a new rose and smiling at the open door. With both hands I clutch the chains at the head of the sling, tense some muscles to feel the reality of it, and let go, my head against the leather pillow. In this almost fetal position, I dissolve into the gentle contours of an architecture that shifts slightly as I do. I feel exposed. Naive. Vulnerable. Deliciously ready. Horny. My cock may not be hard, but I sure want it bad.

Then I see him. The shriveled wisp of a man seated in the far corner. The inventor of the Richardson Penile Erection Test, dozens of years and thousands of hardened cocks later. The test proclaimed as the measure of impotency.

He writes on his pad. I can see his comments as he puts them down. I see them through the hollow spaces of his mind, like a view through library stacks to a student of the truth. He writes *This is one of the most pathological cases I have dealt with. An open door invites public scrutiny and entry. A mind fixed on MDA. Desire so perverse (sick!) that penile erection is impossible. Internal psychoses duly suspected.*

My mind goes back to my butt, exposed because I choose to expose it to my world. Shaved, because the silky skin about a man-hole, smooth against the tight hair of my legs, is a delicacy of contrasts. Puckered because it has been opened once already this evening and because it still glows hungrily. I choose to pucker it, to signal with it, because I want to draw my lovers inwards to touch the fiery rose. I am a rebel, the black cap pulled down over my eyes. I thwart convention nightly, and I enjoy it.

A dream man is at the door. I barely move as he enters, although my eyes signal recognition. Yes. Leather chaps, a harness tight against his pecs, and a brown trim beard under his black baseball cap. His eyes give himself away, completely. I want this man. The spectacular of the spectaculars with the whole world watching.

He comes across the room and strokes my legs with his broad hands. I can see hair curling from

his knuckles. The trim nails. He grabs at my crotch in its greasy jockstrap and massages it a little. Then his forefinger moves in on me, prying gently at the hole, testing the pliancy of the flesh.

I have a certain pride in my availability, in being ready for a buddy, any buddy who chooses me as his offering. I make a statement with my ass, spread open thus, that I can connect with any of a world of brothers. I make a statement that intimacy and affection are great gifts to give.

Now he pulls his finger free. Crack! One! Two! Three hard slaps across my butt. I moan. You like that, eh? Again, hard slaps. They sting and the pucker relaxes, just a bit.

In the corner of the room, like a signer on a television screen, the withered man is writing. I watch the words form on his pad: *Lack of self-esteem. Virility measured in availability. Demeans body to try and reinforce ego. Welcomes brutality.*

My top slaps my butt some more, this time across the hole. Hard. Soft. Super-hard. His face turns hard, but his eyes soften the blows. "Listen fucker, I'm going to take you by the man cunt," he says. "I'm going to

work you open." And his eyes say: "I want you to feel real good, you can trust me, buddy. I want to love your soul where I can really grab on to it."

The man in the corner cannot see this man's eyes. He can only see the profile of what seems to be one of many. He can only see the exposed asshole, cheeks spread for any passerby. He can only see an insatiable butt that seems to crave the extreme.

My buddy is greasing his paw now. I've never seen him before. Maybe from L.A., Philly, New York City. Visiting, playing in San Francisco. We haven't even exchanged names, we may in the end, but that might ruin fantasies. I know how much I want him. I want what he stands for. I want that paw and forearm as he smears grease over his clenched fist, then pushes big gobs into my hole. I moan some more.

There are many reasons why I do this, waiting with my butt like a sacrificial offering to the ecstasy of consummation. First, I guess, is that it makes me feel good, watching a hot stranger-friend make love to me. I feel good inside, and outside, and

THE VIEW FROM A SLING



because I feel good, it turns me on some more

I can see the withered man, intently writing: *Perversity takes many forms. Individuals delude themselves that sexual gratification is ego-gratification.*

Part of what feels good about this is that I am being fisted publicly. That turns me on. Behind my top I can see men peering in the door, watching as he slides in half a hand, withdraws it, greases it some more, teases my butt a little, then slides the paw right in. In the front row stands a hippy biker, long hair and thick beard and big hands and tattooed hairy forearms that poke out from under his greasy overlay. He has his cock out now, fat uncut cock, and he plays with it as he watches.

This is a hot scene. I'm giving freely now. In, slide, out, slide. My buddy has picked up the rhythm of my butt, his warm squareness caught inside me, fugging, poking at my guts. This is a hot scene: why shouldn't I share it, turn-on that it is. I'm proud of the way my butt performs, the way I moan in ecstasy when my sphincter grasps his wrist, when the warm squareness comes up against

something unfathomable within me. The men at the door can see my pleasure, they watch the crazy dance of my eyes. This is pure performance, this is a statement from two men to others: I can give like a man, I'm as good as any porn star at turning them on. I can be hot, my sexual prowess can excite.

And in the corner the withered man writes still another note to himself. Perhaps he'll move his face closer to observe this abuse in detail, as the forearm, fist square in front of it, slides in beyond the wrist, its dark hair slick with grease. But the observer rests inert, writing words that say: *Lack of self-pride masquerading as self-pride. How defeated the ego becomes that the only way out is to damage the body.*

My ass is open, relaxed. It floats free, responding to my top's every touch, opening to his every turn, the soft greasy folds against his velvet skin, yielding, comfortable. This top is careful now to make his every motion something finer than the time before, he has me exactly where he wants me and my soul is wrapped in gratitude for his warmth.

Feeble are the eyes that cannot see the soul. The shriveled hand moves, pen scratches paper: *This man is insecure (check on this later against personality interview). This man can only give himself to strangers, true intimacy demands self-pride.*

The man fisting me pauses, looks for assurance. He finds it in my eyes, his fullness filling up my butthole, his hand there but perfectly still. "Take some poppers," he says and I do, offering him the bottle. "No thanks, I never do poppers when I top. You know there's something wonderful about a man like you, who can give with such gusto, such pleasure. God, I got to respect your butt." I got to respect your soul, your person. That is what he really says although those are different words, with their own meanings. I know this pig-top now and I turn on to him some more. "I never do poppers when I top." His meanings are subtle. What he does as top, he also does as bottom. Only a big bottom can give with such tenderness, such finesse.

Two other men are at the door now, framing the hippy biker. One is casual, relaxed, enjoying every moment. The other is avid, eager,

horny. The casual one folds his arms across his chest and leans against the doorpost. This scene is special to him; it will generate a lot of fantasies. The second man pulls his tube out of his jeans and, like the hippy biker, starts beating off.

My act can be taken as a statement from a rebel to the world. No, I lie. This is not the world out there unless the shriveled man who from time to time appears in its window, is the world. This is a world, a community. A fraternity I give freely so my brothers can read my statement.

My top is hardly moving now, his forearm, his clenched fist vibrating slowly inside me, my body responding in waves. With his other he slowly swirls Crisco about his wrist, back and forth and about the edges of my hole, probing in between the hole and the arm with his fingers. The poppers are taking full effect now and I whirl in ecstasy. He stops all movement, except for his forefinger, tickling deep inside. We laugh. I mouth him a kiss. He does the same.

The man has a psychotic personality, the scribe concludes. Plainly sick. Unable to enjoy normal pleasures (what the shit does he know?). He is trapped in the delusions of romantic adventure. His downcast ego needs a lot of pummeling to feel good about itself. I could have told you from first sight. Those nipple rings: delusions of pagan mis-adventure.

The scribe may write what he pleases, for I also write statements with my body, poetry with my soul. The world waits and watches as this top slides into gear, pulls his arm back so that the sphincter grips the wrist, then the fist, then ploughs deep into the welcoming groove, almost yes, almost until the elbow is against the hole. Back and forward, again he does it, again, the whole world watching, the whole world waiting, I have gone over the wall, I drift in another universe, and without erection I cum upon myself again and again in waves of amethyst and gray, my screams of ecstasy clamouring down the halls of the Slot like Helen's eruption, men crowding into the doorway, the whole world watching my release, the whole world watching as my paragraph body collapses in small folds as he withdraws the arm, and then the fist, and then pulls me up from the sling to cradle my lips with his.

I cum upon myself
again and again in waves of
amethyst and gray, my
screams of ecstasy
clamouring down the halls of
the Slot.

I am back to that time measured by the dripping
intravenous. The room is dim, and despite
the pains in my bones and joints despite this fatigue that eats away at every
part of me, my cum lies in a soft puddle on my stomach

No I have no regrets I will die from this disease that I may have caught in a
place like the Slot It will consume me Unfortunate maybe But I have no
regrets. I loved my world

Why is it I always cry when I hear Piaf sing *C'est a Hambourg* How many
docks have I waited on only to discover the joys and brotherhood of the
world's special men "Les bras s'ouvrent a l'infini" Yes I embraced Infinity
many times. It was indescribable One can never turn back

Somewhere in the corner of the room a claw moves a pen scratches
Self-delusion decides the scribe To the point of death Characteristic of
psychoses is a blind adherence to a course of life that flirts with danger and
even death

The scribe can write what he wants I have written my sentences in words
which I believe Willful pride? The sexual delusions of a whore? The insatiability
of a pig-hole? What is there to believe in these days except the sound of the
rain? I tell you I wouldn't mind if you did this to yourself, or if you let me into the
seize of your manhole Or if you did it to me again I knew what I was doing,
what I did I understood there were dangers, even death in the fire I faced
those dangers in statements of love and intensity and I stand by them In the
long run, I feel better for it Me the rebel Listening to the sound of the rain ☐



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TUTORED TITS: This Iowa TC has experienced this look a million times over. He also seeks deep FF bonded navel piercings, brandings, piercings and other masculine adornments.

TIES THAT BIND

Guy Baldwin, M.S.

YOU GO TOGETHER, OR YOU DON'T GO AT ALL!

One of the many wonderful and satisfying things about being in an SM relationship is that there is so much less time spent looking for someone to play with—he is often in the next room! But if the process of sexual communication has broken down, we are usually left with the feeling of "So near and yet so far away."

The partnerships that I have seen working well erotically have developed a process of communication about sex that is mutually supportive, and that leads them steadily toward the horizons of their fantasy life.

Satisfaction in the various SM sexualities comes with practice, and to make scenes in partnerships really wonderful requires a cooperative effort. Usually they get better only when our learning becomes cumulative—builds upon itself.

For this to happen, partnerships need the skills that can help refine their sex together so that it gets them where they want to go. There are a number of these communication skills that you can learn and use to move your partnership in the erotic directions that are mutually satisfying.

This month, I want to present some suggestions for the development of these skills. These are ideas that have come to me while working in the therapy room with guys who just haven't been able to get the erotic parts of their relationship working as smoothly as they might have. Take what seems to fit for you and use the other suggestions as the situation arises.

Before the Scene

Sometime before you play again, preferably days before, it is usually a good idea to have some conversation about the last scene or the last few scenes that you have had. These conversations can work well as mealtime talks because you are already taking another kind of nourishment together.

It's smart to choose a time that is emotionally uncharged. Trying to talk about intimate feelings connected to sexuality when tempers are running hot is generally not helpful—it is sometimes too tempting to use what doesn't work sexually as a weapon or bargaining chip during an argument.

Your agenda for this sort of conversa-

tion is to try to say what worked for you and what did not, and why not—if you know. Your other agenda is to support the next scene happening. So you might hear remarks like: "Did that scene last Friday getcha were you live?" or "I had fun with you that night, and I know you did too, what did ya like best about it?" or "Ya know, last week when we played what happened was upsetting for me and I guess it was for you too; how do we avoid that happening next time?" or

"Is there some way that you can think of that would have made our last scene work better for you?" or, "Thanks for a great time last Tuesday morning. It was the best! It was hot when you

Talking about sex is not easy for this entire society, and it is even tougher for kinky people to do so 'cause there are NO models for this. When trying to talk about your scenes, it may be helpful to follow these guidelines:

(1) *Tell the truth.* Now, there are many ways to tell the truth about something. Your words must be chosen very carefully when you are talking about sex with your SM partner because the words you choose may hurt his feelings which (hopefully) is not your purpose. Hurt feelings do not support the next scene happening.

REMEMBER! Your purpose is to make SM better for yourselves, NOT to piss each other off. Your conversation will be a failure if you BOTH don't get to exchange info that will be valuable for the next scene.

Lies only complicate things and will have to be corrected sooner or later. Lies make for secrets, and secrets, especially about sex, can make for terrible trouble.

(2) *Stress cooperation.* If you stop to think about it, a Top and bottom in a relationship form a kind of erotic team. As with all teams, there are problems to be solved. Everybody wants to win. The best sexual "win" is when everyone gets where they need to go. Solutions that don't work for both (all) partners don't work, period.

"When I whip you, I always wish you could take more—maybe you could tell me if you think there is a way for me to do it that would increase your tolerance, 'cause that is something I would like to develop together if we can, and I need your help with this."

Without criticism, the remark reveals a disappointment for the Top and tells the bottom what He needs, and that He wants the bottom's help to make it happen. If the bottom is listening carefully, he will hear that the Top needs him on the team.

YOU GO TOGETHER, OR YOU DON'T GO!

(3) *Don't criticize!* Make reports about yourself instead. This means that you don't tell him not to do something, instead you tell him about your response to his behavior.

So you get, "When you close your eyes, it feels like you want to get away from me. Do you?" or "I like it better when you keep your eyes open" instead of "You always close your eyes at the wrong time."

Another example: "When you whip me real hard from the start, I don't have a chance to get my head into it"—instead of—"I hate the way you whip me." Here's another example: "When you wear your sneakers, I don't get turned on to playing with you" instead of "You look like a fag when you wear those things, wear boots next time." Or "Although I like being with you very much, it was easier to get hot together before you gained 35 pounds. Playing is still great for me until it comes to dealing with all your extra flesh—it is not hot for me." This is factual information about real feelings, but is not critical.

(4) *Try to give a balanced report.* Don't turn your feedback into a "shit" list. It is perhaps more important to say what you loved than it is to say what you hated.

Sexual feedback is really the process of supporting what you like in your partner and trying to modify what you don't like. Remember, there are LOTS of ways to tell the truth: "I love it when you bring your face close to mine and talk the way you do, AND I would like it better still if I smelled mouthwash (or a cigar—whatever) on your breath", rather than, "Your breath stinks and is a soft on." Or "I like the idea of you with a cigar, but not the smell of them—can we look for a brand that we both will like?" rather than "I have always hated the way the damn things smell." Or, "If you want me to get hard when you tie me up, I should probably tell you that your chances are better

when you tie me tighter." Or, "It will be difficult for me to whip you harder unless I hear you beg me for more, because I worry about going too far with you. Besides, it turns me on when you beg for it."

5) In technical discussions, don't be afraid to be specific

"It worked great up until you did such & such, then I started to have problems—maybe if so & so happens first, it might work better next time." Or, "The big one is just too distracting for me unless you start with the smaller one and go slower. I want the big one, but I think I need to work up to it." Or, "When I have you tied up with the dingus, would you deal with it longer if the whatsit part wasn't so tight" or "I know you get scared when I put on the blindfold and can't play as hard—what if it had small pinholes in it to let light through to you, but were too small for me to see, 'cause I love how you look blindfolded"

6) Consider introducing activities that you are interested in exploring

There are gentle ways to do this

Have you ever done X, and was it any fun? or "I read a story about X once and it scared me and turned me on at the same time" Or "I did so and so once with a guy—it could have been interesting if he had done it differently

And there are not so gentle ways to do this: "I am good at fisting and love to do it and I want us to do that—I know what precautions to take—have you ever been fisted and how?" Or "I want us to learn about whips (or bondage or whatever), and I want us to start talking about it a lot first"

7) Try to keep these conversations short at first until you feel comfortable with the process and have settled into a style for talking that seems successful. Try to experiment with this—one couple I worked with took to writing notes to each other—it worked!

8) You will sometimes be asked questions that HE would like to be asked by you in return

"Did that scene work for you?—Yes, did you like it too? Well, yes, I liked it lots, but there's one thing that made a problem for me . . . and I am afraid to talk about it 'cause I don't know how you will react

9) These conversations will usually be initiated by the person who is the most comfortable with the process—he must remember that it might not be so easy for the other one

10) Don't expect instant answers. Some of us must take our time to figure out just how it is that we feel about something before we can talk about it. Also, just because he can talk comfortably about piss trips, do not assume it will be equally easy for him to talk about pain trips

11) Try to be complete with your questions, answer and comments. Take your time, and think about it before you answer

Yes, I would like a piercing, AND it scares me a lot." "Yes, the scene was great, AND I wish it had been longer."

No, I did not want you to lick my boots, BECAUSE at the bar, some guy at the urinal missed and hit them instead AND I did not want you to lick some stranger's piss off my boots 'cause that isn't safe to do anymore" "Weil, I know part of the answer to your question, but not all—I will think about it a few days, and I'll let you know what I come up with

12) It is critical that any issues about safety be discussed at these times. Remember, consciousness about safety is NOT universal yet. So you might get comments like these

It is impossible for me to surrender to some scene when I am unsure about the cleanliness of the equipment. . . will it be OK if I clean such and such myself in the future?" Or, "I was afraid when you wanted to use the whatsit that Richard gave you last week, because I saw blood on it, and you didn't say whether you had cleaned it yet or not—that's why I backed away from you right then—I don't want to catch hepatitis or AIDS from somebody's toy." Or, "You really must tell me when your wrists are going to sleep in the future, because I don't want to have to deal with nerve damage, and I want you to be able to cook dinner for me" Or, "I get scared when you whip me that hard with the heavy whip because I worry about a cracked rib or something, where can we find out about my concern?" Or, "From now on, I will feel safer about putting you in a hood if you will promise me to use a decongestant inhaler to clear your sinuses first—so that there is less chance of you developing a breathing problem like you did last night

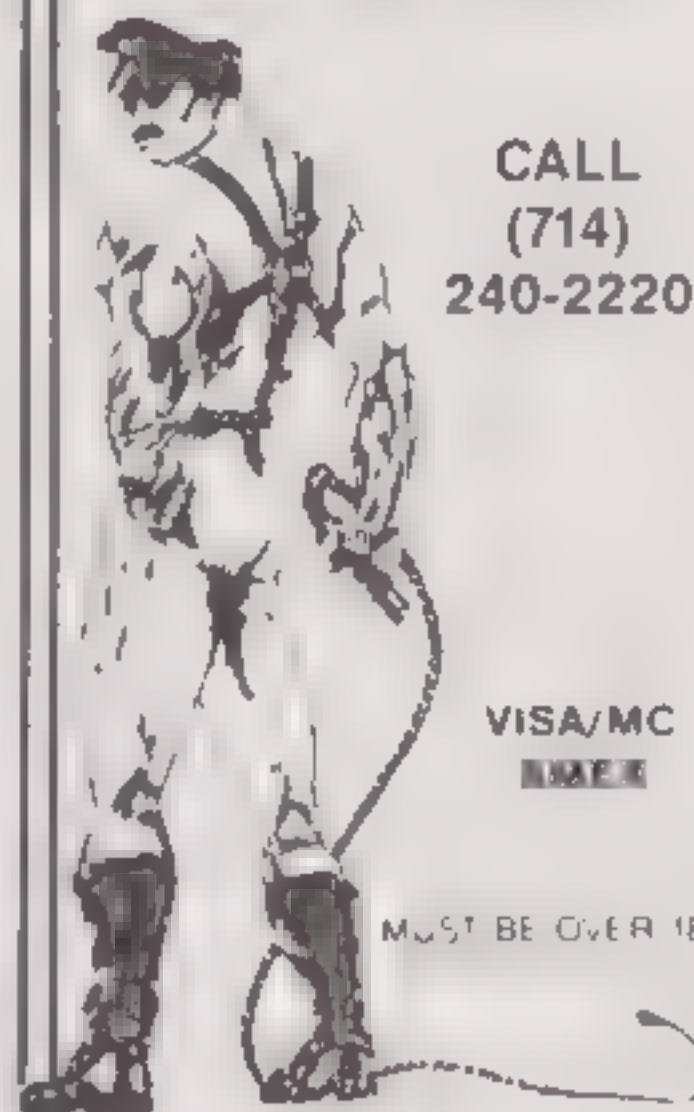
13) Support your partner by telling him why you like the way he plays. REREAD suggestion #4

Don't hesitate to rehearse things when you are alone in the car or in the bathroom if you want the words to come out just right about a touchy subject. Try to think how you would feel if he said the same things to you, and adjust the words accordingly 'til it says just what you really mean. Work hard with your language to remove criticism—your partner needs your support to change his behavior, not your hostility. If you love him don't forget to tell him so. Play well

Guy is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles, where he works primarily with those on the sexual frontiers.

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BEIRUT PAIN

Beirut, Lebanon/1983

The shop of Abdul the forger fronts one of the seamier bazaars of old Beirut. It has never been a pretty part of town, now the narrow streets are choked with high drifts of rubble and twisted steel. No sane man walks here at night, but during the day a steady clientele files furtively up and down the dusty street—khaki-clad Arabs in bur-nooses with guns slung over their shoulders, Westerners wearing suits and ties, eyes shielded from the sun and hidden from sight behind black sunglasses. The street is the magnet of Beirut's underworld, a haven for black marketers, gun runners, professional assassins, blackmailers, high-priced pimps and petty forgers. These are the only businessmen who still make a profit in a ruined city that once rivaled the cosmopolitan glamour of Monte Carlo or St. Tropez.

Vincent Zorio has been living in Beirut for almost three months. He knows the street well. Having just finished a bit of import-export business in an office across the way, he pauses in front of Abdul's to light a cigarette.

Dust hangs heavy in the air, choking-thick and hazy in the blinding sunlight. Suddenly the triple locks on the heavy wooden door to Abdul's begin to rattle. The door swings open. The first thing to emerge is the voice of Abdul's bodyguard, shouting in a staccato mix of Arab curses and broken English. Then a body shoots from the open doorway, like a stone catapulted from a slingshot. The heavy door slams shut.

The blond kid lands flat on his face. For a moment he lies unmoving in the dust, then slowly picks himself up. Breathing hard. Shaking. Stooping to brush the dirt from his faded blue jeans and grungy T-shirt. At least he's alive. Vince thinks. Bodies don't always emerge from Abdul's in one piece.

Vince smokes his cigarette and watches, simply curious at first, but more and more interested the longer he stares. The kid looks to be in his early twenties. Very blond, his hair almost white in the bright sunlight—European, or more likely American, and probably a Marine, his hair is a ragged, unkempt crewcut, like a grunt who's been letting his hair grow back. A Marine's build, short but firmly packed with muscle. The kid fills out the T-shirt nicely. Very nicely. Vince feels a stirring at his crotch.

The kid looks up, suddenly realizing that he's being watched. Perhaps Vince misjudged his age at first glance. Sitting on top of the broad shoulders and muscular arms is a little-boy-lost face: soft coral lips, puzzled blue eyes. Blushing cheeks that have never seen a razor. Looking like an overgrown schoolboy who's just taken a tumble from the neighborhood bully.

Vince leans against the wall and smiles. "Looks like Abdul doesn't want your business, kid."

The blond's eyes are wary. Taking in the shiny black shoes, the perfectly creased slacks, the broad, muscular mass of Vince's body within the tapered coat. Finally looking up into the dark sunshades that give back his own dim reflection. He bites his lip, then turns and walks quickly up the street, threading his way through the crowd.

The boy is in a hurry, but Vince has a much longer stride. He follows at a medium clip, watching the boy's ass flex inside his tight jeans. At the corner of the street he catches up with him, laying his hand on the kid's shoulder.

The boy swings around, backing into the wall. "What do you want?" His voice is a gasp, hoarse and high. Looking up at Vince with bright, scared eyes.

"Hey kid, relax. I'm not gonna bite you."

The boy goes tense. "You're American."

"Yeah. So are you." Vince looks down at the boy's chest, rising and falling in shallow breaths, noticing the way the loose T-shirt hugs his big pecs, the way his nipples push out against the thin cotton. "You must be in some sort of trouble, kid."

"Just leave me alone." The boy tries to bolt. Vince grabs his arm and jerks him back. Holds him steady, digging his fingers hard into the muscle, letting the boy feel his strength.

"I said relax. Catch your breath. Calm down." The kid stays tense for a moment, then slumps against the wall. Vince releases his arm, giving the plump, bruised bicep a friendly squeeze.

"Like I said, you look like you must be in a little trouble. Maybe I can help."

The kid shuffles from foot to foot, shifty-eyed. "Yeah?"

"Yeah. C'mon, kid—you act like you got a firecracker up your ass. I'm not a cop. Want a cigarette?"

The boy shrugs. "Sure."

Vince pulls a pack of Marlboros from his coat pocket and taps out a cigarette. The boy reaches for it. Vince brushes his hand aside and pulls out the butt himself. He reaches up and plugs it into the boy's mouth, holding it there an instant longer than he needs to, brushing his thumb against the boy's lower lip. The kid flinches, then stares up at the dark sunglasses as Vince pulls back to strike a match. He holds the flame six inches from the tip of the cigarette, making the kid reach for it.

"You look like you need a rest, kid. And a good meal. What's your name?"

"David."

"Yeah? Mine's Vince. Why don't you come to my place for a while? We'll catch a taxi . . ."

Vince Zorio's apartment is located in the remains of a two-story stucco building in what was once a fashionable section of Beirut. Tall palms line the ruined boulevard. A latticework gate leads into a walled courtyard with a central fountain. The surrounding vines and shrubbery are long dead from neglect, the fountain dry and littered with scraps of debris. The structure once housed four apartments. Only two remain, the rest of the building was demolished by a stray grenade during a street battle a year ago. Vince is now the sole occupant. When he first moved in, a Christian doctor and his family lived in the rooms above; they packed for Paris more than a month ago.

As they step through the heavy door, Vince watches the boy's eyes widen in surprise. The interior is airy and modern—plush carpet, built-in appliances, air conditioning. The only sign of the explosion is a scorched circle on one wall where the fire almost broke through. Heavy drapes cover the windows, shutting out the bright sunlight, allowing no light to escape at night. The apartment has the cool detachment of a hidden sanctuary, cloistered and concealed from the broken world outside.


"When was the last time you took a shower, kid?"

David shrugs. "I don't know. A couple of days ago, maybe."

FRUIT,

Story by Aaron Travis

Illustration by Olaf



Big man
with a big dick,
bout to fuck
naked blond
line. He reaches
for the jar of
vaseline.

"Yeah, or maybe a week. You stink. The john's through there. Genuine German plumbing. Use all the hot water you want."

The boy glances over his shoulder, then disappears into the bathroom, closing the door behind him. Vince listens to the doorknob jiggle as the boy searches for a lock that isn't there. He makes himself a drink, then relaxes on the sofa. The pipes rumble beneath the floor; the shower comes on with a hiss. Vince reaches for the telephone.

Impaling his face on
the thick upstanding
cock, forcing the
broad head past the
slick, tight ring
of his throat, gagging
himself on it
and coming back for
more. Punishing
himself on Vince's big
dick. Abasing himself
on his hands and
knees between
the man's burly thighs.

For once the lines are working. It takes only a couple of calls to track the kid down. The grapevine confirms what he already suspected: the kid is hot. AWOL Marine. Blond, 5'7", 19 years old; PFC, full name David Jay Patowski.

Vince calls Abdul last. Abdul provides the twist. "He killed a man. Or at least he tried to. His own sergeant."

"Cold-blooded murder?" Vince glances at the door to the bathroom. "Maybe the Marines trained him too well."

"Not murder. The sergeant lives. But I doubt the boy knows that. He leaves the man lying unconscious and bleeding from the head in a little bar called Cafe Fez near the American zone. It seems they fight over . . . a personal matter. *Une querelle d'amour*. Though the attraction seems to have been one-sided. My informant sees them there before. Always out of uniform—Cafe Fez is off-limits to American personnel. All night the sergeant is touching the

boy, cooing in his ear, forcing him to drink, handling him like a man handles a woman. Then the sergeant touches the boy in a certain private place. The boy swings around and strikes him with a bottle. Glass and blood everywhere. Then he runs from the bar. This is, oh, two weeks ago. My men see him everywhere since, but you know the Americans, they couldn't find the wart on their own ass."

So the kid came to you looking for phony papers

"Yes. Very nervous, very amateur."

"So why didn't you fix him up?"

"No money. I can't help every pauper and refugee in Beirut, Monsieur Zorio, even one as pretty as this. So I hint that I might take my payment in another way. Such a pretty ass, *n'est-ce pas*? Who could blame the sergeant who wants to touch it? The boy becomes most disagreeable. I would almost say hysterical. These American boys, such babies in matters of sex—not like you, of course, Monsieur Zorio."

"So you threw the kid out on his pretty ass."

"Oui. Rashid wants to take him into the back room and slit his throat, but I want no trouble with the Americans. And, if I may ask, what is your interest in this lonely young man, Monsieur Zorio?"

"That's my business."

"Of course. But I think he is not our type, eh? Allah alone knows how he survives for these two weeks, especially without selling himself. What does he eat? Where does he sleep? I would advise you as one friend to another to be careful."

"Sure. I'm scared out of my pants." Vince snarks and hangs up.

The boy takes a long, hot shower. Long enough for Vince to silently enter the steamy bathroom and gather the rumpled jeans and T-shirt from the floor. In the bedroom he looks through the boy's pockets. A thin wallet, old and worn, molded to fit the curve of the boy's ass. Two twenty dollar bills inside, a few Lebanese pounds and some snapshots—Mom and Dad, a yearbook of a pretty brunette signed *Al. My Love. Diane*. David sits up for football practice. David in mortarboard and robe at high school graduation, David posing with his rifle in a parade, looking like a little boy playing soldier. A little boy with big muscles. The kid is damned good looking when he smiles.

Deep in the jangling front pocket of his jeans are a few Lebanese coins and some crumpled bills, petty cash. Searching into the other pocket, Vince scoops out the boy's dog tag. The ball link chain is tangled with another. Tucked was a little silver crucifix on a silver chain, engraved on the back: *David—Take Care. I'll Always Love You. Mom*.

The shower stops. Vince pockets the boy's belongings, then crumples the clothes into a ball and shoves them into a drawer. He sits in the chair beside the bed, kicks off his shoes and pulls out his pack of Marlboros.

He smokes two cigarettes before the boy finally musters the courage to step out of the bathroom. Vince listens to him shuffle around the living room. He takes a drag off the cigarette and smiles, feeling the anticipation. Feeling his cock thicken in his pants. The boy finally appears in the doorway.

His ragged blond hair is fuzzy and damp. The damp white towel around his waist is molded tight to his hips and thighs, showing the outline of his cock. His smooth pale skin glows with a lustrous sheen after the hot shower, radiating heat, but he trembles as Vince looks him over.

There's a lot to see. The boy looks even better out of his clothes. He was a little chunky in the photos. Boot camp and two weeks on the lam in Beirut have turned off the last of his baby fat. Hunky is the word. Like a Polish

plowboy. Broad, square shoulders. Muscular arms perfectly smooth except for the vein that trails down each meaty bicep, and the mottled bruise left by Vince's grip. Strong, sturdy calves and thick forearms ending in wide square hands and feet. Big, overhanging pecs that cast a shadow on his washboard stomach, capped by extra large nipples, flat against the muscle and perfectly round. Vince watches them swell to the size of half dollars as the boy's skin turns to gooseflesh in the cooler air.

"What did you do with my clothes?" The boy's voice is thin and small. Vince takes a drag off his cigarette. He sits back in the chair, openly staring, feeling his cock. He reaches down and squeezes it.

"Where are my clothes?" The boy's voice becomes shrill. Vince stands and slowly walks across the room. He raises the cigarette to his mouth. The boy flinches. Vince smiles. He isn't going to hit the kid.

Not yet.

"I've been talking to some friends of mine on the phone. Word's out, kid. You're knee-deep in shit. Killed a man, didn't you?"

Vince smirks at the boy's reaction. Biting his lip, blushing like a girl. Shaking all over. Scared as hell. Two weeks in limbo have worn him to a frazzle.

"The Marines want you back, Davy boy. You know what they'll do when they find you? Lock you in a room and throw away the key. You'll be an old man before you see daylight again. And of course you know what happens to pretty young things like you in prison."

The boy sucks in a choking breath and begins to shake even harder.

You're far from lucky they haven't caught you yet. And even luckier you haven't been picked up yet, partner. These Arabs would love to get an American Marine by the balls. Especially a pretty young blond piece with big blue eyes. And my guess is the state department would let exactly go out of its way to get you back, not after what you've done.

"You know what the locals do to war criminals? This ain't America, kid. Torture's an ugly business. They'll stretch it out for as long as you can last, then stretch it out a little longer. You're young. Strong. Just the kind they like. They can get a lot of mileage out of a kid like you. Take you apart piece by piece, starting with your eyeballs and ending with your asshole. Take pictures of what's left to send home to your girlfriend. Hell of a way to get on the cover of Time magazine."

The boy is chewing his lip, staring down at the floor, shoulders heaving on the verge of crying. Cracking even quicker than Vince expected. All Marines are pussies at heart.

"You're five thousand miles from home. Davy boy. Stranded in hell. Mommy and Daddy can't help you here. You haven't got a friend in the world—even old Abdul threw you out on your ass, and everybody knows Abdul's got a weakness for blonds. You should've pulled down your pants and bent that ass over his desk instead, like he wanted. You should've bent over for your sarge in the first place, saved yourself a lot of trouble, but it's too late for that. So instead you busted his head wide open in front of a dozen witnesses. Stupid cunt."

The boy is quaking now. At the end of his rope. And why not—everything Vince says is true.

"What would you do with a phony passport, anyway? Any kid dumb enough to murder his own sergeant in the middle of a war zone can't have the brains to get out of the fix you're in. You're lost, kid. You blew it. Beirut is the end of the line. Your life is over before you've even had a

chance to get started."

David looks up at him, eyes bright with tears. The kind of look that gives Vince Zorio a hard-on every time.

"But you said—you said maybe you could help me."

Vince nods. "Yeah. Maybe. But you haven't asked me yet."

The boy's eyes dart around the room, finally staring straight ahead at the knot in Vince's tie. "Please—" Soft as a whisper. "Please help me."

Vince flashes a crooked smile. "That's better. Of course, the kinda help you need costs a bundle. Phony papers, transport, safe housing for a known killer. That breaks about a dozen international laws to start with. Risks."

"How much?" The kid looks up at him. Vince likes the expression—plaintive, helpless. He likes the way the boy's naked chest heaves up and down, showing off his big glossy nipples. He feels his cock throb down his pants leg.

"Rough estimate—five grand."

David groans.

"Could be closer to ten." Vince shrugs. "How much have you got?"

The kid chews his lip. "A couple of hundred."

Vince slaps him hard across the face. The boy looks up at him, dazed. Too rattled even to break and run.

Vince's voice is hard as steel. "I already looked through your wallet, kid. You got forty bucks and bus fare. Forty bucks'll buy you about five minutes of my time. You don't lie to me, kid. I'm the only friend you've got."

But what am I gonna do? The boy's voice cracks. The first tear breaks and slides down his cheek.

"You're gonna suck my cock."

The boy stares up at him. All the color drains from his face leaving his skin as white as marble.

Vince nods. And a few other things. But you can start by wrapping those pretty little yams around my fat dick."

The boy stands back, shaking his head, staring down at the floor. Vince's pants. No please I can't.

A business arrangement, kid. You give me what I want. I get you out of this hellhole in one piece. It's your only chance, Davy boy. That pretty mouth is about the only asset you've got. Probably not worth a damn, especially with a cock as big as mine, but I'll be the judge of that. I say we get started right now. Five thousand bucks adds up to a hell of a lot of blow jobs.

"But I can't—"

"Sure you can." Vince reaches for the towel and yanks it away. The moment is perfect, like a picture in a frame. The startled, frightened boy cowering nude against the doorway, holding his hands in front of his crotch like a little girl. Mouth agape, big pecs together, deepening the cleavage, making the nipples stand out. David looks up at him, pleading with his eyes. Then the pleading is suddenly gone, replaced by a desperate fury. The kid isn't broken yet after all.

"Give me my clothes!" Screaming and crying at the same time. "I'm not gonna suck your goddamned cock! I'm not a faggot! Give me my clothes!"

Vince resists the urge to slap him again. Instead he shrugs and walks to the dresser. He pulls out the crumpled T-shirt and jeans and tosses them at the boy's feet. "Get dressed. And get the hell out of here."

The boy fumbles with his clothes, bending over to pick them up, dropping them, picking them up again. Vince sits back in the chair and reaches for the bedside phone. The lines are still up and working. Allah be praised.

"Operator? Yeah, give me the American Embassy. Christ, when are these people going to learn to speak English? American Embassy... Yeah, je comprends to you too, sweetheart."

The boy freezes, bent forward in profile one leg thrust into his jeans. The pose shows off the perfect curve of his ass and thigh. He stays that way, pretty as a picture, giving Vince something to look at while he waits for the call to go through.

"Yeah, who am I talking to? Well, Mr. Macintosh, I believe I got a piece of vital intelligence for you. Never mind who this is. I understand you boys got an AWOL Marine. PFC David J. Patowski." Vince pulls the dog tag from his coat pocket and reads the serial number out loud. "Yeah, that's the one. Blond kid, real pretty. Murdered his sergeant for trying to get into his pants. Damn right I know his whereabouts. I'm staring straight at him right now—standing in front of me naked, showing off his pretty ass... Yeah, I'll hold." He covers the speaker with his hand. "Putting me through to some bigshot. You're a hot potato, kid."

*"Hurt me!" Clutching
the mattress.*

*Shivering in a cold
sweat. Nude and
glistening in
the dim light, every
muscle taut. "Hurt
me! Please!"*

*Thrusting his ass
back, begging for the
strap. Then
shrieking as the belt
strikes his flesh
with a blistering
crack.*

The boy knits his brow. Moves his lips.

"You say something, Davy Boy?"

"Please—"

Vince cocks his head and squeezes the long thick ridge stretching toward his knee. "Yeah? Go on."

"Please don't. I—"

Vince holds the phone away from his ear. A tinny voice

squawks from the speaker. "The man wants some answers, Davy boy. So do I."

The brush is amazing to watch. It starts at opposite ends of the boy's body, coloring his forehead and feet, seeping inward to meet at his groin. He stares for an instant at Vince's crotch, biting his lip in dread. Shuts his eyes tight, takes a deep breath that turns to a shudder. "I'll do it," he whispers.

"Do what? Speak up, kid."

"Suck your cock." His voice is thin and flat. Defeated. All resistance gone.

Vince smiles and nods. "I had a feeling you would. From the first minute I saw you." He lifts the phone to his ear. "Never mind, fartface. Private Patowski is about to give me a blowjob."

He hangs up and reaches for his zipper.

Vince sprawls in the chair, naked below the waist.

His jacket and shirt lay strewn on the floor, along with his pants. The thin ribbed A-shirt is rolled high above his navel, baring the hard, plated muscles of his belly, stretched taut across the broad, hairy expanse of his chest. He looks down between his legs, to the place where the boy's lips are mashed into his pubic hair, stretched thin around the base of his cock. Little Davy boy is a quick learner.

He was pathetic at first. Shy of the big cock, having to be prodded every inch of the way. Vince found the right button to push almost by accident. He was getting the kid used to it, rubbing the big dick against his face, slapping him with it while he griled him.

"You suck cock before?"

"N—"

"Don't bullshit me, Davy boy. All Marines suck cock."

"Never—"

"Not even your sergeant's cock?"

The boy's reaction was electric. Like a firecracker lit. His ass.

"Nooo." A long desperate whine.

"Yeah, but he wanted you to, didn't he? And instead you spilled his brains on the barroom floor. Stupid cunt. Here's your chance to make up for it. Just pretend that's the sarge's big dick. Go ahead, tell it you're sorry. Give it a kiss, real sweet. Yeah, that's it. Now open your mouth and suck it inside. Make it feel good. That's what you're here for, cocksucker."

The sarge was the ticket. Like a magic word—open sesame. Davy boy swallowed him whole. Working hard for it. Impaling his face on the thick upstanding cock, forcing the broad head past the thick tight ring of his throat, gagging himself on it and coming back for more. Punishing himself on Vince's big dick. Abasing himself on his hands and knees between the man's hairy thighs. Vince looked down and saw that the kid's little weenie was standing straight up. An act of contrition.

Vincent Zorio killed his first man at the age of twenty-two. Since then, he's killed a dozen more. Most of them for money. A couple for personal reasons. Nobody crosses Vince Zorio.

Vince has never felt the least twinge of remorse. A hit is a job, a job is what you do for a living. Vince is damned good at it, one of the best in the business, with a reputation that spreads from Beirut to San Francisco. Remorse is for the weak. Like Davy boy. Vince has no sympathy at all with the kid's guilt, but Vince is willing and happy to exploit it. Guilt makes the boy weak and helpless. Guilt will keep him in his place. Like a handle for Vince to grab hold of and squeeze till he gets exactly what he wants.

He looks down at the tear-streaked face, firmly plugged.

to his groin by the thick core of meat speared down the boy's throat. He came in the kid's mouth minutes ago, but David still holds him tight. Eyes closed, trembling. Hands flat on the floor. His untouched little cock standing up hard as a bone.

Vince butts his palm against the boy's forehead and pushes him back, watching as inch after inch of glistening cock emerges from the clutching lips. The plump, meaty head pops free. The shaft bobs in the air then rears upward, shiny and fat as stuff as if he had never come. Vince is like that. It always takes more than one load to make his dick go down. The first round only takes off the edge, satisfying his cock a second time takes longer. He can go for hours before he shoots again, staying ramrod-stiff the whole time. That's why he saved the boy's ass for the second round.

David settles back on his haunches. Blushing all over, darting quick, disbelieving glances at the fat prong of meat that juts up from Vince's lap. Vince smirks at the way he holds his hands clumsily in front of his crotch, trying to hide his little hard-on. The only way to hide it would be to push it out of sight between the boy's legs. Certainly not a bad idea.

Vince tilts his head. "You did that real good, Davy boy. I'd say you're a natural born cocksucker." He watches the boy hang his head and blush, then reaches over to pat the mattress. "Up, boy. On the bed."

David's face goes white. "Why?"

"Why do you think, cocksucker?" Vince grips his cock at the base making it stand straight up. Waving it in the air. "I'm gonna screw you, fagg. Last."

"Please No." The boy whines, staring at the cock but not his upraised head. "I'll suck it again—"

"You bet you will. After I've finished fucking you. Now up on the bed, belly down. I wanna find out if that ass is really worth dying for."

David groans, then crawls onto the mattress. Vince stands and pulls the undershirt over his shoulders. Walks to the dresser. Looks in the mirror to see the boy staring back at him over his shoulder, then burying his face in the pillows, embarrassed to be caught looking. Vince smirks and glances at his naked reflection. A big, broad-shouldered man, torso matted with dark wiry hair. Cock jutting up from his muscular hips, hard as steel, shiny with spit, the slit still moist and leaking cum. Big man with a big dick, about to fuck a naked blond Marine. He reaches for the jar of vaseline.

Vince struts around the room for a few minutes, lubing himself with a fistful of grease. Listening to the jelly crackle in the stillness as he lathers it up and down his cock making the thick, muscular shaft gleam in the dim light. Making the kid wait for it. He circles the bed, reaches for his pants and grabs the buckle-end of his belt. The thin strip of leather slithers out of the loops.

The boy slowly lifts his head from the pillows. "What are you doing?"

"Just stay where you are, cocksucker. Grab the corners of the bed and hold on tight."

"But what are you gonna—"

"What does it look like I'm gonna do?" Vince stands beside the bed, coiling the belt around his fist. "You've been a bad kid, Davy boy. What'd you do to get your old sarge so hot and bothered? Wiggle your ass at him inside those tight uniform pants? Shoot him shy little glances over your shoulder with those big blue eyes? Then bang him upside the head when he grabbed for it? And all the time you wanted it, bad. You're a born cocksucker from the word go, boy. The worst kind. Too bad for the sarge that you were too fucked up to figure it out on your own. Yeah, you've

been a real bad boy. Bad boys need to be punished." He slaps the belt against the palm of his hand. "I'm just the man to do it."

The boy moans. Drawing his eyebrows together in a pained expression, staring upward. First at Vince's face, but only for an instant, unable to bear the hard glint in his eyes. Then at the belt, pulled taut between the man's meaty fists. Then at the big cock, jutting hard as steel from Vince's groin, greased and ready to fuck. He hides his face in the pillows and reaches for the corners of the bed, clutching the mattress in his fists.

Vince's lips curl into a thin smile. Just as he thought. He won't need ropes or handcuffs to give little Davy boy the whipping he deserves.

"Hold on tight, cocksucker. Now spread your legs and pull your knees up. That's it, right alongside your chest. Belly down. Ass in the air. Give me a nice, wide-open target."

He stands beside the bed, staring down at the boy's body. Studying the curve of his upraised ass, watching the sweat break from his pores. Watching him flinch as he snaps the belt in the air, testing it. Vince raises his arm.

The blow lands with a sharp meaty crack. The boy lurches forward with a yelp, clawing the mattress till his knuckles turn white, keeping his ass in the air. Vince takes his time, making him wait for the second blow. Watching his body glaze with sweat. Listening to him moan.

The next blow is harder than the first. No holding back. The third is even harder. After the fourth, the begging begins. Just as Vince expected. The boy throws his head back, raises his ass high and starts to creak.

"Hurt me." Clutching the mattress. Shivering in a cold sweat. Nails and teeth scraping in the dim light every muscle taut. "Hurt me. Please!" Throwing his ass back, begging for the strap. Then, heaving as the belt strikes his flesh with a blistering crack.

The boy keeps asking for it. Vince keeps delivering. Fisting his cock with one hand, keeping it primed while he wields the belt with the other. Working the kid over until his ass glows cherry red, seething with heat. Putting the full strength of his arm into every blow. Working up a sweat. Getting drunk on the rhythm of leather striking naked flesh. Hardly noticing as night falls and the room grows dark.

He walks to the dresser. Lights a candle. Looks at the boy's reflection in the mirror—trembling with exhaustion, still holding the pose. Face pressed against the headboard, ass raised high. The bedsheets wildly rumped and damp with sweat. Vince moves to the foot of the bed. Listens to the boy beg. Draws back his arm. Aims for the boy's hole.

The tip of the belt strikes the pouting lips dead center.

A crack like pistol fire, followed by a keening howl. For a strange, unreal instant the boy levitates clear off the bed, then crashes back to the mattress, jerking in a violent convulsion that sends shock waves through the floor. Vince sucks in his breath. The boy is coming.

He throws the belt aside and mounts the bed. Positions his greasy cock at the mouth of the boy's virgin hole. Drives the shaft all the way home with a single gut-wrenching thrust.

The boy goes rigid, but his hole is alive, contracting in time with his spurning cock—squirming, squeezing, swallowing the huge dick in a series of spastic convulsions. Vince pulls his cock all the way out, then spears the boy to the hilt, matching his high squeal with a grunt.

Vince grabs the boy's hips and begins to pump, settling in for a long, hard screw. The shrieking subsides to a breathless whimper through gritted teeth. "Yes. Hurt me—please. Punish me—fuck me, sarge..."

(END PART ONE)

LEATHER *Larry Townsend* NOTEBOOK

Dear Larry,

I have a question concerning immobilizing of the penis. I have heard that rapists can be treated so that they cannot obtain erection. There is supposed to be an operation. What is actually done?

Name withheld (Europe)

Dear Anonymous,

Although I keep up pretty well on this type of material, I have not heard of any operation specifically designed to immobilize the penis (by which I presume you mean render it impotent, incapable of erection). In our Western societies there is such universal abhorrence of any legal penalty that involves physically depriving a man of his sexuality, I doubt that such an operation is on the books in any country. There have been experiments with female hormones, but these tend to be so destructive to the testicles that heavy, prolonged treatment is tantamount to castration. (See my answer to the next letter.) There are drugs, of course, that will render a man impotent, but again these are not considered acceptable within the limits of our current attitudes on "cruel and unusual punishment."

Dear Larry,

Although I know that castrating a man is supposed to leave him incapable of sexual performance I have heard so many conflicting stories that I'm curious to know what really happens to a guy who gets nipped. How about removing just one testicle? Does it take two to tango?

H.C. Phoenix AZ

Dear H.C.,

The loss of both testicles, without the man's receiving hormones to compensate for their loss, usually results in a significant reduction of his sexual drive and interest. In our society it is rare for a man not to receive hormone treatment, however, and almost anyone (usually a cancer patient) who loses his balls is on a program of medication that allows him to retain a fairly normal array of "secondary" male sexual characteristics; i.e., his beard continues to grow, his musculature remains masculine, he does not grow breasts, etc. I am personally acquainted with several guys in this situation, and all claim to be capable of erection and many of the pleasant sexual sensations they had prior to their operations. They cannot ejaculate, and this is the greatest frustration (sexually). For the sake of appearance and psychological satisfaction, it is possi-

ble for a castrated man to have "talsies" inserted into his scrotum. In ancient cultures, particularly Persia, where eunuchs were employed as harem guards and servants, there was—of course—no hormone treatment available. Histories of this period indicate that if a man was castrated prior to puberty, he was capable of intercourse, but could not procreate. This satisfied the ancient kings, however, since they were less interested in the fidelity of their multi-spouses than they were in insuring the legitimacy of any progeny. Eunuchs were noted for their effeminate mannerisms, however, and a tendency to become fat. Losing one testicle will have little or no effect, except that—as in the case of full castration—there is bound to be an emotional as well as a physical impact. How a man copes with this is going to vary greatly according to the other factors that determine his personality and mental outlook.

Dear Larry,

I have for years been attracted to the leather scene and to the look and feel of leather. I have read and been intrigued by your books and have tried to get into SM, both as a Top and a bottom. What I have found is that I remain attracted to leather, enjoy having sex in leather but I just don't enjoy pain—either inflicting or as the recipient. I don't know if I just haven't found the right person(s) or what. I guess my question is: Am I unique, or are there others out there with similar interests? I go to the Eagle and Spike in NYC. I'm a big (6'3", 200#) masculine-looking guy and I get approached by a lot of men and often go home with someone. I frequently feel like I have presented myself in one way and then don't deliver, although I try to be as up-front as possible with people in the bar.

R.A. NYC

Dear R.A.,

Giving or receiving pain is not the only way to enjoy SM, and there are a lot of guys—especially now in the current health crisis—who have gotten more heavily into bondage without using the whips and other toys which can abrade the skin and require careful disinfecting between usages. Try a gray hankie in your back pocket (whichever side your mood for the night dictates) and see what happens. You might also remember that a little light belting across the ass really doesn't hurt very much, so if it's the pain and not that particular fetish that bothers you, why not

let the guy know you're really enjoying the sight of his bound and helpless condition?

Dear Sir:

I guess I am really what you would call a heavy bottom, not really a slave, or I wouldn't be asking you this. But I am living as a slave in the sense that I have only one Master, and although we don't live together during the week, I usually spend every weekend at His house. While I'm there, I'm always naked and in some sort of bondage. I serve my Master and His guests in any way He requires of me, and I try to fulfill the role He sets for me. Lately, however, He has gotten into dog training. I am required to sleep curled up on a mat beside His bed, etc. The only problem is with the things I'm required to eat. Although I am sometimes allowed to beg for scraps at the table, my main meals are dog food (like Alpo or Kal Kan meat) eaten out of a bowl on the kitchen floor. Is it okay for a human to eat this stuff? Aside from the bland, unseasoned flavor it really isn't too bad, especially the canned beef or horsemeat. I wouldn't have any reservations as long as I could be sure I wasn't poisoning myself.

slave?, TX

Dear slave?,

The Feds do only a half-assed job when it comes to protecting our human food supplies, and while they are supposed to keep an eye on pet food, as well, I wouldn't want to bet on it—certainly not if the wager was my life or my health. On the other hand, there does seem to be a degree of concern on the part of the pet food producers to maintain the quality of their products. After all, if they kill off the consumers who'll be left to eat their stuff? I'd say you were probably safe enough eating the canned meat from the major companies, in that it is unlikely to poison you. And since you eat on your own during the week, you can make up for the unbalanced weekend diet. (My Doberpersons love Kal Kan, and I wouldn't give it to them if I thought it would hurt them.) You occasionally read stories of homeless folk surviving on dog food, because they can't afford anything else, and they must be eating cheaper brands than you are. Kal Kan is expensive. □

If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o Leather Notebook, Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.



SHALL
WE
GO?

I'VE A
CAR PARKED
A BLOCK
AWAY!



I'LL MEET YOU
OUTSIDE- I'VE
GOT TO HAVE
A PISS!





HO, HO A TIGHT
LITTLE ASS-HOLE
JUST BEGGIN'
TO BE OPENED
UP!!

WAKE UP, PUNK!
WE CAN'T HAVE YOU
SLEEPING THROUGH YORE
BIG EVENT AN' MISS ALL
THE FUN!!

NOW, DRUM.
JUST YOU STICK
YORE FAT DICK
IN OUR LITTLE
FRIEND'S
MOUTH -
WHILE I PLUG
UP THE OTHER
END...

LISTEN,
PUNK, MY
FRIEND AND
I ARE GOING
TO TEACH YOU
A LESSON,
WHICH YOU MAY
NOT ENJOY-
BUT WE
WILL!!

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NICE LITTLE
APPETISER - NOW
YOU AND I CAN GO
AND HAVE SOME
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We're cheap and easy! Only four bits a word!

Your ad: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

Print it out: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not by the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

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Exchange stories! Let's tie him down, gag him, roll his nipples, frig his butt, tickle him mercilessly, then milk his cock for a finale. Straight and bi-guys who need (cock) control: punks, thugs, cops, military, jocks, and businessmen. Mr. NP PO Box 40136 Berkeley, CA 94704 Box 6695LF

TALL SLIM SLAVE WANTED

Master 6'2", 165 lbs., hairy, Daddy 53 seeks boy slave who's ready to serve full-time and be dominated. Must have good firm ass, small waist, no pol or love handles. Relocate San Diego. Serious calls only. (619) 296-8431

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I'm licensed to massage and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides making your bowels explode loads of payoff! So all you naughty business types, laborers, jocks etc. pick up the phone. John Rose (212) 889-5477

GLOVES UNIFORMS CIGARS

Hot dude looking for others into skintight black leather gloves, police Nazi uniforms, Marlboros & cigars. Shiny black leather boots, uniform trousers, black police shirt, Sam Browne belt, black be armband hat and skintight black leather gloves holding Marlboro or cigar. All answered, photos returned. Box 6177

SUCK BUDDIES

Duos Groups Parties. Non-profit network. Send SASE to: BB, 584 Castro #395, San Francisco CA 94114

GERMAN LEATHER BIKER SON

6' 180, bl/bl, 25 good-looking college stud looking to serve Master. Take care of your boots, leather tits and cock. Serve Daddy under 35 lat big, to expand, explore my limits, turn me into your obedient son. I'm motivated, straight acting and enjoy motorcycle leathers, outdoors and sex. Box 6173LF

BLACK MASTER WANTED

Hot tan W M slave animal 34 5'9" 172 lbs. blond seeks demanding, innovative, muscular hung Black Master for workouts. S M CBT paddles, mirrors, toys, wax, heavy Greek French, B/D just about anything, uniforms, fantasy action. Master may write to Zack PO Box 14630 Phoenix AZ 85035. Letter, phone, photo, instructions please. (LF6406)

CUM ON SON

Dad wants you for hot safe action in leather, jockstraps, body-hugging spandex. T.T.V.A. shaving, fantasy trips, exhibitionism, body worship. Dad can give or take. Son top or bottom. Have toys to play with. Photo phone--M Box 1356 Mad Sq. Sta NY NY 10159 Box 6700LF

DAD SEEKS B B SON

Successful W M 36, 5'10" 155 lbs., will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son. Possible live in or your own place. GW PO Box 1373 Manhattan KS 66502

EXCEPTIONAL HOY MAN

42 seeks exceptional younger man. I'm 5'10" 160 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, good build and looks, very masculine, dynamic, stable, successful, intense and caring. If you're very good looking, well-built, intelligent, stimulating and thrive on dominance submission, send letter with photo to Mitch PO Box 9395 Scottsdale AZ 85252 Box 6398LF

SLAVE BOY WANTED

Two hot Chicago Masters, 28 31, bearded, tattooed and pierced seeking ho boy. Must be into heavy nipple work just like his Masters. Must be honest, into leather discipline, bondage and fantasy. Boy will be shaved, collared and hooded. Relocation possible. Send submissive letter and photo immediately. Box 6377LF

MUSCLE LEATHERMAN WANTED

Gay white couple me 5'8" 155 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, mustache, 48 look 35 Nautilus body, into CBT, VA, FF weights, stretching, safe sex. Partner 5'9" slim, brown curly hair, blue eyes, mustache, 37 very cute into muscle body worship. Your picture gets ours. JDR 107 Wood Hill Trail Augusta GA 30909

LOVER/MASTER WANTED

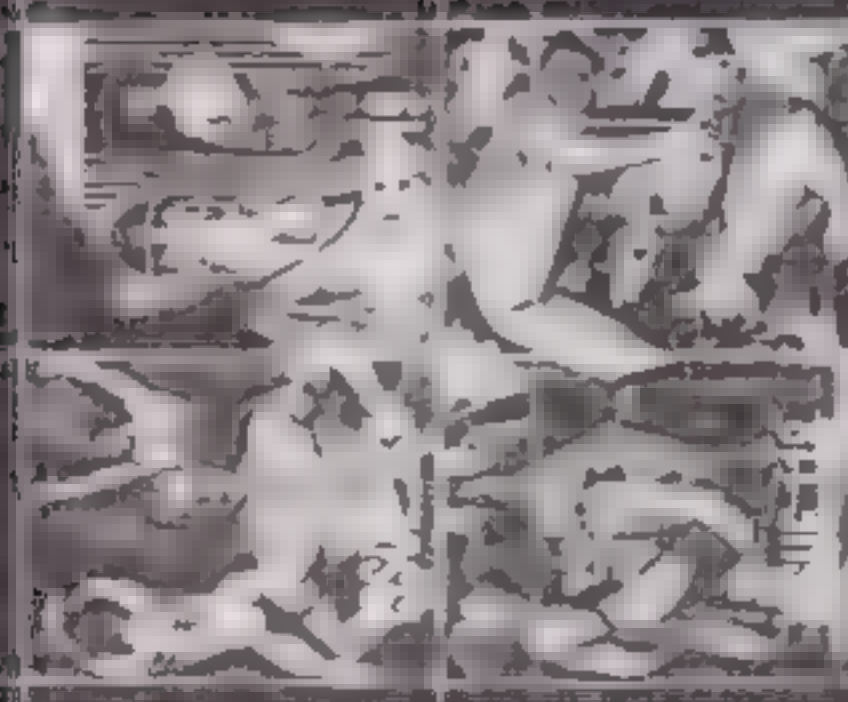
G W M 30 6'2" 175 lbs. well built, successful, educated, owns business, seeks tall, healthy, hung, in shape, protective and caring Master. Dad 32 40 for intimate and business partner. I seek a man who is easy going, creative, financially independent, open to new business ventures, travel. I can and will relocate. Letter and photo to Box 6703LF

BUTCH BOTTOM WANTED

Must be muscular, butch, submissive, interested in more than fantasy fulfillment. Seeking are find, no bullshit relationship. Me unusual W M 37 5'11" 175 lbs., dark mustache and beard, longer masculine, muscular, hairy. Successful, confident, in charge. Emotionally available. No into gay scene. Landmark 227 W Federal Highway, Dania, FL 33004

NOW TAKING APPLICATIONS

for Life Partner by successful professional GWM 40, 6'2" 230 lb., black hair, beard, mustache, hazel eyes, 8'11", cut, tattooed, pierced. Harley rider, non-smoker, looking for a MAN who would be proud to stand beside me. For details write DPR PO Box 572 Worthington, OH 43085-0572 Box 1F6440



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Attractive healthy W M 28, 5'11" 150 seeks discrete masculine guy for serious Satanic relationship. Send details, description photo if possible. Will consider relocating. Can travel into leather and most scenes. Prefer being top but extremely versatile. Others into Satanism please write. Box 6702LF

COCK SLAVE

Looking for ambitious, straight-appearing lean top with hot mind, body and cock, wanting deserving service. I'm 5'8" 138 smooth honest hard working. Interests outdoors, exercising, travel, rural living, long sessions. Let me be your partner. Female make and train me to be your cock slave. No cigarettes. Terms: PO Box 1044 Westley Rt 02891

CONTROL

WM Top 5'11" 37 seeks bottoms same size or smaller for exploration via mental and physical torture. You will be verbally and physically abused to the point where you will beg for more to the point where you are controlled. Call (714) 957-2642 7-11 PM for appointment discussion or write Box 6094LF

MUSCLEATHER

If you're turned on by well built men over 35 who need the feel and smell of leather then this 5'8" 165 lbs. bodybuilder wants to hear from you. Muscle and leather is what I'm into. If you are serious about this combination write me. Your photo gets mine. Box 6237LF

CARING DOMINANT PARTNER

wanted by masculine bottom 3' 5" 135# I want your golden showers, spankings, and your cock up my ass. You should be mid 20s to mid-30s and looking for monogamous relationship. Relocation for right top Louisiana (318) 238-9844 (after 5 p.m.)

WANTED—YOUNG S&M SLAVE

Training, discipline, bondage C&B, TT face slapped, hair pulled, spankings and rough orders by two Masters 18 and 48. You become whatever turns us on. No permanent damage. Writs increased. Send photo including face. Mr Jones and Mr Heim. PO Box 13336 Coon Rapids MN 55433

HOT & HUNKY

Exceptionally sexy, hot young, white stud looking for someone to fuck, to slap around and to suck me off. You must be extraordinary handsome and must respond with a photo to prove it or forget it. Box 6126

BONDAGE, WHIPPING, AND TORTURE

Turned on by movie torture scenes of muscular heroes and diabolical villains? Like Caveir rather than leather? W M 38 lean muscular masculine versatile healthy nice guy, seeks smaller young in-shape buddy for hot, sweaty, erotic, injury-free scenes. Good fun, great sex possible permanent relationship. Box 6129LF

I'M BOTTOM OR MUTUAL

W M 42 5'9" 150 lbs. beard pierced seeks in shape blacks and others into pain, torture, verbal humiliation, heavy lit/ball pulling, twisting, punching, stretching, vacuum pumping. Beer drinkers, safe raunch, spit, W/S, etc. Safe Sex, Satanism. Work 3-11 PM. Call or write anytime. Karl, 835 Wheeler St. Woodstock, IL 60098 (815) 338-9137 (LF6508)

BOOTS LEATHER BONDAGE

Seek mature muscular top interested in boots, bondage hoods, oil, jocks, bling, softball weights, rigid service, shaving C&B, work hot tube. (312) 274-5479. Box 6260LF

HOT LEATHER TOPMAN

GWM, 36, 5'11" 185, brown blue, moustache seeks other hot Tops/bottoms to 43. This man has hairy pecs w/hard nipples that demand mutual heavy play. Dig heavy, sweaty, JO workouts, jockstraps, chaps, uniforms, uncuts, cowboys, Asian men, Am stable educated, healthy, professional. Potential big brother. Dad for right man into photography, BB, hiking. No lems, drugs. Reply w/hot photo phone to Box 4675LF

PRISON FANTASIES

Prison rape, bondage in electric chair, gas chambers, head and body shaving, leather, rubber. C&B, TT. Box 6521

SADISTIC MASTER

Sadistic 34 yo Master seeks experienced slave wanting full time permanent live-in slavehood. Extreme pain during prolonged torture scenes to be expected. Be under 36, hairy and in good shape. Send application and resume with photo. PO Box 22502 Mpls, MN 55422

HUNGRY MALE PUSSY/CUNT

Bitch/baby's hot writhing male cunt/pussy desires harsh man handling to make me gasp with pleasure pain. Command the whore on perverted ways to service you. Shaved gash twal welcomes your dork or fist with lubricated extruded ups. Write kinky intentions. Your picture gets mine. Box 6376LF

TRUCKERS/TRAVELERS 195

Handsome officer seeks truckers and rugged masculine travelers on 95 through Southeast Georgia. Let's drop our drawers and spread our legs for a full-crotch longun bath at my place or your motel. Well built masculine types ONLY. Send photo for reply. I'm mid-30s, well built, endowed. Box 5724 Savannah GA 31414

TRAVELING SON

30s, 5'10", 150 lbs. am into Fr Gr hot ass, buns FF spanking, light S M recycled beer shower and 3-ways. Top only for FF. Prefer bottom for the rest. Travel frequently from Chicago to Chattanooga, Des Moines to Cleveland, Miami and Dallas. Write with photo and phone so we can get a hot nonstop evening going. Box 5296LF

SLAVE SEEKS OWNER

GWM, 39 5'11" 165 born to serve seeking a master to surrender himself to. Need to serve serious, experienced master as his live-in slave. Will relocate anywhere. Box 6613

I'M NOT A SLAVE

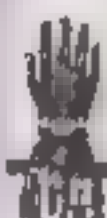
Only a real master stands a chance at making me one. If you're tough enough to command my respect and obedience, up to training someone who's not sure he wants to be, and into prolonged bondage, send orders. Suite 22 1530 Locust Philadelphia PA 19102

YOUNG SLAVEBOY WANTED

Attractive 30 year old, 6'2" 195, blue eyed businessman Daddy wants permanent slaveboy, houseboy to take care of. Young boys to 25, intelligent, very attractive slaves into all forms of sleaze and kink with no limits, permanent live-in for right son. If you want a Dad that will love you for you and not just the raunchy sex, send photo and detailed letter. Box 6707LF

BEARDED VERSATILE BEAR

seeks bears or Dads to 45 for fun, friendship, and "safe"/clean frolic. Beards, beer-guts, cigar-smoking and hairy bodies a +. I'm 33, former football jock, 5'10" 183 lbs. solid. Photo appreciated—all answered. Pittsburgh Pennsylvania. Box 6713



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TOM OF F NLAND TYPE

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6'3" 170# muscular masculine, dark hair (crowcut), dark eyes, handsome, ex-military into prolonged Ass Play, FFA, Dildoes, TT, BT, Hard dicks. Leather is big turn-on (b/c I like than being naked). Want to experience B/D hoods, hot dreams with hot firm muscular loving Top men with hot hands and big dongs. PO Box 14574 San Francisco, CA 94114 D-174 or Box 6631LF

SLIM, SMOOTH, GOOD-LOOKING
WM, 30, looking for hot big-dicked top dad buddy Top independent for slave but want to experience leather. Especially like hairy, uncut. Prefer 33-45 honest sane aware m 5'6" 140-160 brn grn, more than curious and ready. So go ahead write w photo. Box 6209LF

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Two hot, horny, uniformed cigar chompin' lawmen, 29 & 40, looking for a punk that needs to get used and abused into just about everything as long as it's kinky and safe. Looking for buddies into outdoor sex, hurling and hot workouts on the range. Box 6313LF

ASS SLAVE
Expert ass sucker. Novice pig slave needs training into all ass raunch, especially latex, food, stretched holes, shit smearing, ass bottoms and combinations for heavy fisting & sucking service. I need dirty ass who can handle shitty cock. Attractive, built like a brick. Box 6408LF

JUDGE JURY EXECUTONER
wanted by 23 year-old blond 6'0" tall, 160 lbs. Blue eyed cigar smoking college boy whose cock hardens at the sight of a noose into cops, cigars, execution prison scenes military, bondage, leather, VA, hoods, gags. String me up Sir! All scenes, people considered. Box 6310LF

BACK IN LEATHER
GWM couple, top 35 5'6" 170 blond hazel Bottom 35, 6'2" 165 brown/blue. Looking for bottoms or couples who are into leather FF dildoes, CB&T catheters, films, hoods and especially long ass play. Lover is into leather FF dildoes and is an animal lover. Let's get weakened out and do a leather anal invasion. 209 576 2260 (LF6319)

WANTED SLAVE BOY & HOMEBODY TYPE BUDDY
Horny East Bay GWM Couple—1st Dominant Daddy Top ONLY Leatherman, 38 6'1" 200-lbs. Cut thick 7" 2nd Versatile Low Type 43 5'8" Cut 5 1/2" 150 lbs. Looking for versatile boy man with small ass & waist (small or medium frame) who is Always Horny and Nicely Hung—Age 21-29 into Leather Levis Jockstraps, Gym Gear Speedos for Safe & Sane Light B&D Titwork, Toys, Teasing Tongue Baths, Great Massages, J O & Oral & Assplay. Box 6408LF

ALAMEDA ASSHOLE SNIFFER
Straight appearing man early fifties wants to smell your brown hole and lick your cheesy cock and pissed-strained shorts. Finger my hole and drive me wild. I get off on playing and smelling a responsive guy's hot shit-hole. Mutual rimming and J O spanking too. Cum often! Letter and phone M to Stan, Box 6371LF

NUDE HOUSEBOY SON
wanted by retired GWM 63. You're 18-40 5'9" or under slender smooth submissive drug-smoke-free honest enjoy cats cooking the arts. Accept shaving nudity complete supervision safe sex being owned affection light bondage no rough stuff. White Oriental preferred. Serious only, no cons. Full letter phone photo. Box 6123LF

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W M 35 tough butt would like to meet or who know how to use paddle at ap. Travel. Box 1821 Carmichael, CA 95609

WANTED BONDAGE TOP
Horny WM 31 6' 160, brn/blue, beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops bikers leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy B/D, heavy VA and humiliation, moderate SM hoods, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy. Will come spend and exchange photos. Box 3711LF

FACESITTERS, P-SS & JO
Gdkg W M 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and urinal. Fart up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write Bill S., #237 2215 R Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114

CALL AT NIGHT
WM 40 seeks older small fisted Master to serve obey, please and bond with. Prefer bald bisexual. SERIOUS (415) 285-5449 PM

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Likes urine, nuts, nipples, feet, penis, leather spit, boots, armpits, cockslobber, cigars, dog action, odor bear, queer talk, mindfuck. Real goodlooking, 31 5'11", 155 solid, healthy, bearded, intelligent, versatile bottom. Wants masculine dude under 40 into any of the above. Box 6431LF

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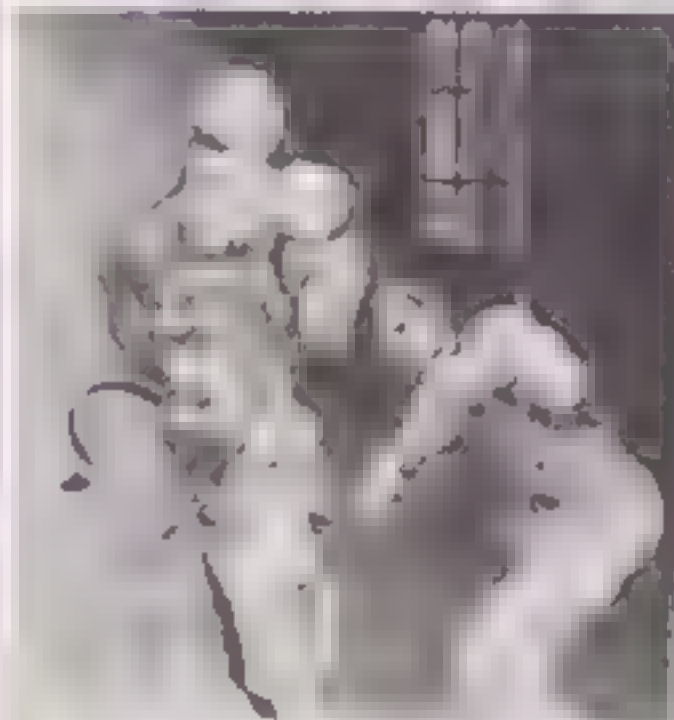


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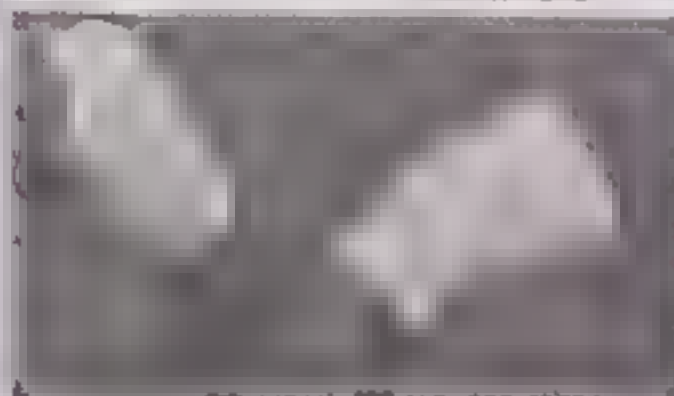


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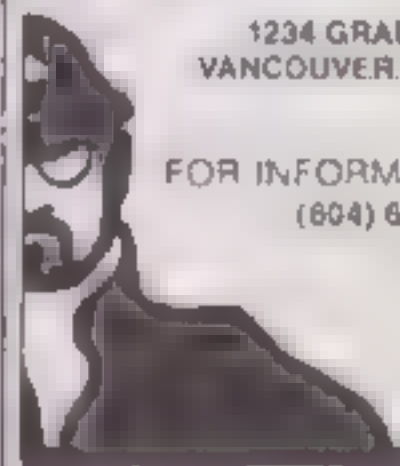
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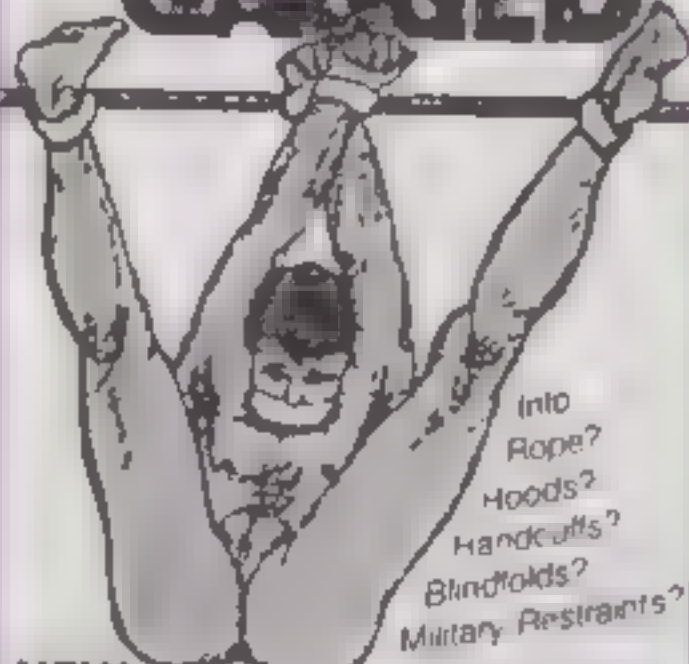
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NORTH BAY DADDY

Leather/levis Masculine early 50's, 190 lbs. good body, pierced tits, HIV NEG bearded professional man looking for safe sex buddy. Experienced, versatile Top prefer 50-50 man-to-man action for evening home sessions & camping, canoeing Sonoma-Mendocino. Visitors to SF wanting a break in the country welcome. Photo if available. Box 6684LF

YOUR PATIENT

Japanese 35, 5'6", 135 lbs. Trim health-conscious need doctor to give me complete naked physical exam. I'm a W. F. No. 1. I'm a little body. Possible photo. Box 6667

HIV POS BOY WANTED

HIV+ WM 44 5'11" 170lb mustache bald swimmer & build. After thirty years in the demanding but understanding, sensitive caring, non-bar you trim, mustache, need tender support. Discipline? employed, quiet well behaved, passive respectful. Light on her play. No drugs, FFA, headtrips, power plays. PO Box 5233, San Francisco, CA 94101

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave 5'6" 145 seeks domination discipline humiliation from short lightweight Master into body worship, armplay, verbal abuse, leather. Especially seek to grovel at the feet of a black Asian Master. PO Box 665, San Francisco, CA 94101

BUTCH JOCK BOTTOM

Very handsome, masculine muscular bottom. L.L.B.M 39 6'1", 178 lbs. healthy intelligent athlete. Needs training in B.D. S&M. T.I., shaving, prolonged assplay, toys. Seeks commanding imaginative experienced Top, hung and muscular. Safe and sane. Sir Photo & phone. Box 5958LF

JOCK STRAPS, JOCKEY SHORTS

Hiding your bug, thick dick and bull balls turn me on! Kick back, relax while GWM 47 cut bug dick eagerly sniffs around worships your balls and man meat. You're tops always. Give Directions? Answered. Send brief note to Box 761 SF CA 94101

LET'S TALK

I need a master. One who will lovingly work with me toward our common goal of my enslavement to him. One who will help me take all he has to give, pain, understanding, love, life. One with patience who loves leather and wears it often for me. One who knows the value of respecting me with integrity, and whose concern for my happiness is as great as mine is for his. I need a master who is so heavy S&M is safe, sane, imaginative, loyal. I am 37 5'6", 140 lbs., white mustache. Thank you. Love Master Daddy Sir. Box 6712

LIMITS NEED TESTING

Very experienced uninhabited bottom, with well equipped playroom for prolonged heavy scenes. Seeks pure Tops that can push expanding limits. Box 6721

HAIRY? UNCUT? OVER 30?

SF deep-throat expert 40s seeks virile probably straight man for regular complete servicing on non-reciprocal basis only. Body hair, fore-skin absolutely required. No pain, bondage or toys. Box 6722

WHIPPING MASTERS NEEDED

by wild slave for constant belt and huge insertions stretching this wild slave to scream for more into enema and medical trips heavily tied and gagged by extremely hairy huge hung tattooed masters. 4151 626-3047

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**HOT HORNY HOLES**

WM 43, 6' 160lb seeks sensual versatile first fuckers for erotic mutual ass, cock, ball, th play. Novices OK. Palm Springs (619) 321-2819

BLK, GREY, RED&? BUDDY

Seek imaginative, stable fit hairy chest, 35+ leather juv, dom. buddy to share dreams, scenes, challenges & more. Am same, 41, 72", 188 n-shape, cut p-nps, stretched, BR-grey, Bl-Hzi GWM healthy, anybody +, non 12 step, smoke sensual n-hot Educ & trainable own home & mobile prof & love sleaze intimacy & intensely folio-n-phone recip d, Graham Box 5412LF

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full CH.P gear and uniforms with tall hot black boots. All to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs any race. Mike, waiting to service hot bootied leather studs. We are both hot, well hung, good-looking, and into FF WS, JD, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling mirrors and video. Mine and or Tony (213) 777-0122 PO Box 47552 Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JD or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 PM

STUD SLAVE

Very hot, hard body bottom, muscular 5'10" 175 36 wants raunchy muscular top to put me in my place. Age (younger or older) unimportant. Good bod and dominant attitude are. If you want a stud slave with spirit write with pic to Suiteholder Suite 304, 12228 Venice Blvd. L.A. CA 90066

FRIENDS PLAYMATES

Two dominant WM professionals (43-45) seek other couples or singles in the Ventura area for friendship, companionship and 77 variety of interests. Age unimportant, health, intelligence and personality very important. Write to SHACK Box 821DLF

LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom 47 into serious bondage (immobilization, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S&M (CBT T/I ass/T) scenes. Safe sex only. Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 11 PM-9 AM (818) 843-5428

EAGER SMALL HANDS

Hot hairy into masculine sexy bottom 40-6' 165 moustache likes FFA toys, clothespins, paddles, harnesses seeks fun-loving kinky cocky safe small-handed young men older boys who know what they like and want. Returnable picture letter gets same. Chris Lee, PO Box 39703, L.A., CA 90039 LF6320

ANIMALS

WM 33 5'10" 165 lbs very hot, horny wants to meet experienced novice in scene returnable photo/letter gets same. Box 6726 LF

SHARE THE ADVENTURE

If you are the master of your life and want to be the master of mine, I'm 34, bottom, husky and honest looking for a dominant man in his 30s to 40s, and successful. Looks are less important than attitude. I offer a genuine commitment to the one who can accept true submission. I don't expect perfection but I'll treat you as if you are. Sammy, (714) 220-0513 (6566LF)

WANTED- HUNGRY COCK-SLAVES

Currently taking applications for cock-boys & sex-slaves to service my 9"X7" mastercock. Must be 18-30, possess a well-maintained physique. Experienced in extended servicing sessions. I am 28, 6'5", 220lb, dk hr & eyes, match & hairy. Have live-in, full-time, KEPT positions avail. Serious slaves lking for a serious commitment, should send application w/photo & phone to Marcus. Box 6726LF

KINKY PLAYMATES/FRIENDS

Looking for kinky bottom for safe play. Ropes, fantasies and spankings are some of my favorite things. We cleanhaven 31, 5'10", 165 lbs., uncult in-shape top. Your height-weight proportionate. 2145 in LA Long Beach area & have beginners welcome. Send letter photo and photo no reply to Box 6473LF

HOT HUNG COCK SLAVE

Seeks hung man to worship. Call (213) 281-6690

EXHIBITIONIST

33 B.W.M. horny and sexy hung and hot built and beautiful. Experienced. Seeking opportunities. Any scene OK w/other kinks. Cue the spotlight, open the curtain, and give me S.M. S/D.W.S., imagination. Give, accept the challenge. Let's blow our minds. Greg (714) 499-4079 (No J/D calls) Box 6562

WANTED CHINO PRISONER

Accused White Slave 25-35 masculine wanted for over-night shackled-handcuffed in a cell. Macho correction player. WM 42-6' 125lb hairy demands pleasure service from captive. On parole convict is office buddy companion. Must live Pomona Ontario area. Details mandatory magnet phone to Tim 124 S Central Avenue #154 Chino, Calif. 91710. Box 656DLF

SO CA PUPPY NEEDS TRAINER

Training might include VA bondage, boots, T/CBT wax shaving and milk Jones. Puppy can be reached at: Puppy, Box 148 7945 Santa Monica Blvd # 09 West Hollywood CA 90046

HOT SURFER STUD

Blond bodybuilder 29 6' 180 extremely goodlooking hung and experienced wants hot bottom for sweaty workouts and submission. Photo a must. 8721 Santa Monica Boulevard Apt 644 West Hollywood 90069

HIV POS SEEKS KINKY BUDDY

Hot bearded GWM 5'0" 165 pounds hairy 7' cut seeks partner for mutual kink and safe raunch scenes, who is also HIV-positive and leather. SM role playing safe scat scenes, bikes and it's more. Send letter, phone and photo to: PO Box 244 872 Santa Monica Blvd West Hollywood CA 90069

WHAT DO YOU NEED?

Professional Top can be many things to versatile masochist. This Master Daddy (non sugar), is willing to accept, train, counsel, subjugate, expand and fulfill you and your needs. Inexperienced OK but you must be 18 to 30, any race, intelligent, slim to muscular under 5'10" and willing to participate fully in CBT, T/I, spread eagle bondage, toys, catheters, electroshock. No drugs, permanent damage or unsafe sex. Supply response, photos receive first priority to this 40, 185, 6' Top at [redacted]

TOILET ASHTRAY/TRAINED DOG

Serves beer drinking, cigar smoking, verbally abusive, masculine men who are seeking pleasure. Not romance, companionship or bullshit. Photo, phone. Box 6633

LET'S EXPLORE TOGETHER

GWM 35, 6' 200 lbs., hairy, maso needs buddy 25 to 40 for rough man-to-man sex. T/CBT, bondage, whips. Explore our limits together. Discreet. Safe sex. Box 6645

P.S. SLAVES WANTED

Goodlooking top, 5'9", 150 lbs. br/bl, wants to meet slim slave bottoms into weed, tantra sex, safe sex. Write Bill. Box 6656 Pix?

REALITY IN DEAR SIR**BIG BROTHER MASTER WANTED**

White male 24 6'1" 170 bottom muscular attractive stud looking for exceptionally well built, sexually demanding, tall (6' plus) leatherman to 35 for hot times. Relationship possible. Reply with photo please. Marty PO Box 128109 San Diego, CA 92112 or (619) 291-1377

BLOND BODYBUILDER

Job applicant 30, seeks stress interview with cigar smoking businessman. Intimidate eager stud with sexual harassment into lunch-hour fucktoy. Submit to overtime desk stutchtute pluggings, dog collar and butt-plug under suit. Need good little fuckboy under desk while you read Journal? Who's boss? Photo. PO 18813 San Diego, CA 92118

COLORADO**FIT TO BE TIED!**

and ready to be abused. Novice, 48, 170 lbs. hungry and submissive seeking expert level handed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, in my tight, round firm buns glow then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW PO Box 18065 Denver, CO 80218

CONNECTION**FISTING BUDDY WANTED**

WM, 5'10" 170 lbs. muscular versatile, seeks similar for mutual safe sane action. Novices welcome. PO Box 37, Riverside, CT 06878 (203) 856-2053 9-9 30 a.m. M-F

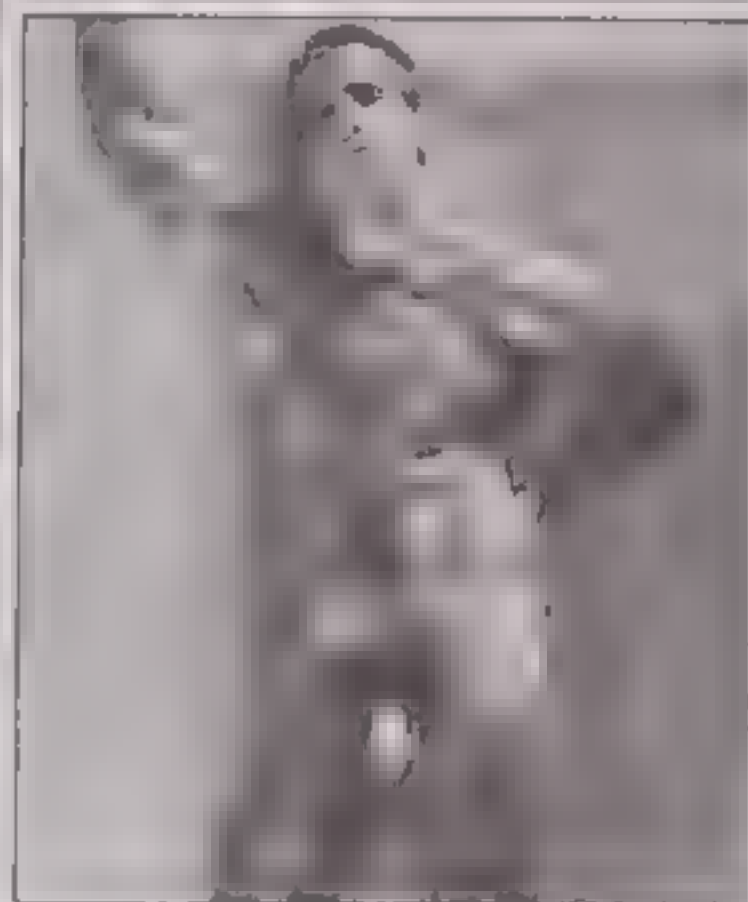
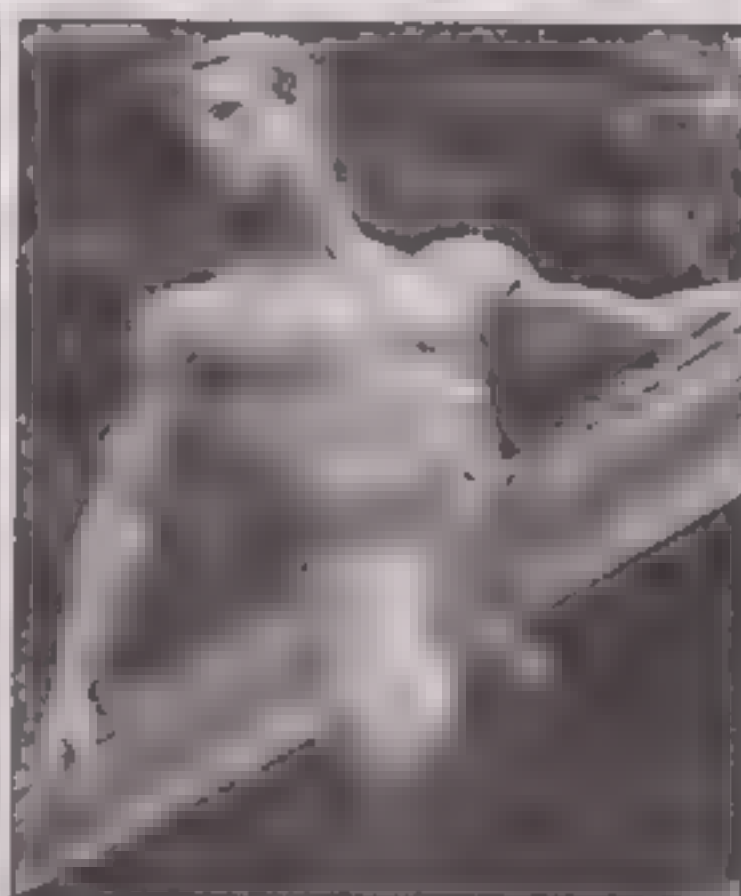
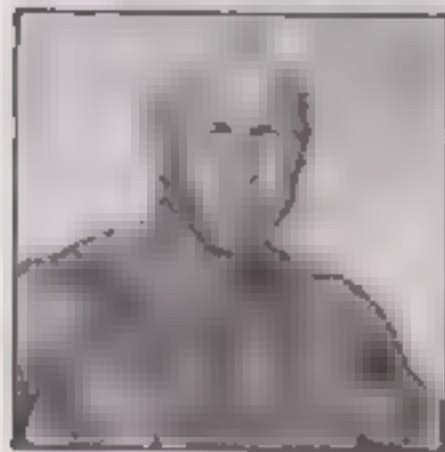
LEVIS, FLANNEL SHIRTS 4x4s

Bear trucker type, self-employed carpenter WM, 5'4", 160 38, bearded hairy, pierced cock into levis, recycled bear sweat, catheters, piercing, tattoos, piss hole work, hot wax, cock modification, electricity. Right study will try? Blue collar bearded blonds a plus. 06776 locals & photo/phone same. Box 6677LF

HARTFORD TITS AND ASS

GWM, 47 6'4" 200 lbs. into tit, ass and CBT workouts. Slow and long. No games, just men. Hard safe sex. HIV neg. If you are in shape and ready for the experience, write a descriptive letter. PO Box 95 East Glastonbury, CT 06025 Box 6632LF

HAVE YOU SEEN THESE MEN?

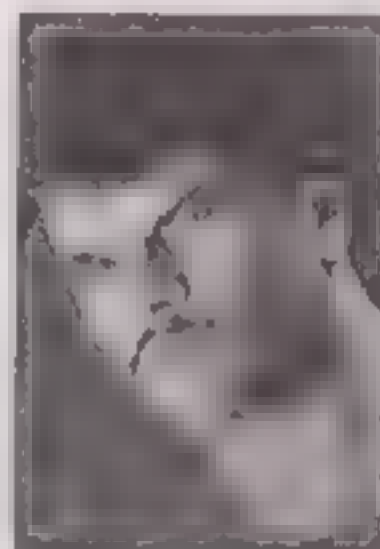


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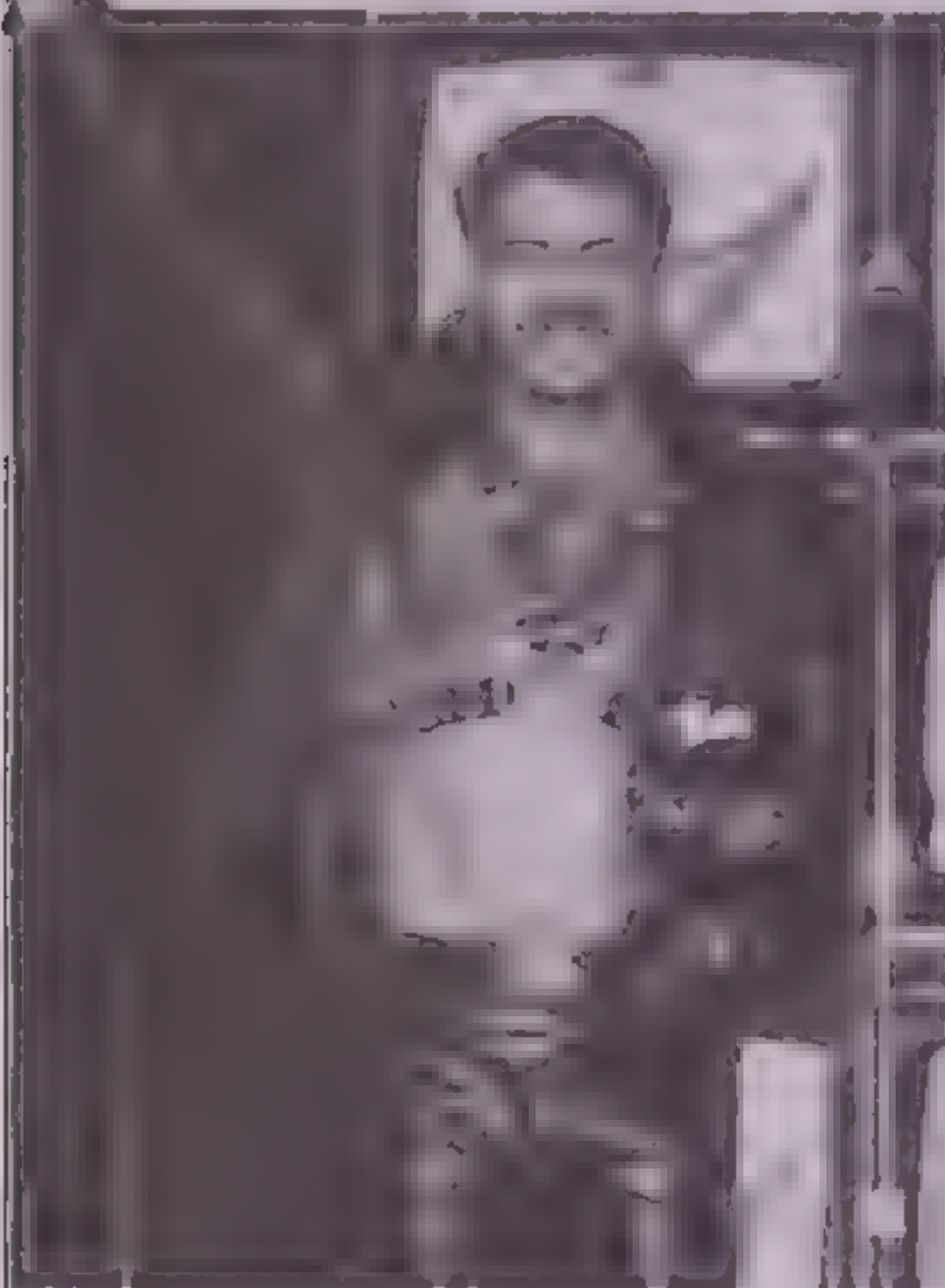
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DELAWARE

THE MAKING OF MEN

I'm really not a Leather Daddy I just like boys who need to be serviced by a man. Prefer young, slender buns, proportionate structure. No smokers, drugs, drunks or live-ins. You don't have to serve me I'm tall, stout, white, non-racist, experienced. When was your last good service job? Will travel, photo appreciated. Box 6326LF

DC-METRO

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM 42 5'11", 175-45 chest 30 waist well built together longer erotic. Lean muscular nonsmoker use abuse whipping sales. Ex-military special warfare. Related to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, 'Story of O', '9 1/2 Weeks', 'Image', 'Beauty' Trilogy. JW PO Box 44029 Ft Washington MD 20744 (LF5030)

BEARDED LEATHER TOP WANTED

who wears yellow, brown, gray hankies in left pocket, saivra, cigars, light black gloves. I'm 41 5'5 1/2" 130 balding, mustache & beard. Not into CBT TT FF. Box 6724

KARATE KID BATTLES BEAR

Large sized muscular bully, 6'3" 240-40. Needs to be taught a lesson, dealt karate blows, punches to belly by much smaller built stud during rough hot session. Box 3724 Langley park MD 20787

RECOMMENDED

WM 40 5'10" 160 lbs. mustache, goatee, seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn-ons include titwork, hair tats. PO Box 2347 Manassas VA 22110 (LF4696)

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

Willing to submit to Master for humiliation discipline. S&M TT, C&B work, whippings and whatever else Master determines for proper training. Slave is 35 200 5'11" blond like body hair, pierced and ringed. Sir please let me serve you. Box 6249LF

FLORIDA

DAD SEEKS SON

Dominant Daddy 49 5'11" 175, seeks son slave 18 to 28 slim smooth, drug-free. Son must need love and discipline from an affectionate top masculine Daddy. Relationship possible with intelligent boy capable of stepping out of son/slave role and serving as a companion. Daddy travels between New York and Florida. Son send photo and write about his fantasy with Daddy. PO Box 22283 Ft Lauderdale FL 33335

BONDAGE TRAINEE

5'10", 175 28 8" cut above-average looks seeks hot dominant top with equipped slave room fixtures, extensive leather, rubber latex gear toys for restraint submission, control, sensory deprivation, sexual enhancement, fetish exploration and above all achieving mutual orgasm. Safe and sane only limits. All scenes approachable. Ft Lauderdale area. Detailed letter, nude photo returned/mime phone if possible. Box 6496LF

COCK TORTURE SPECIALIST

Sought for innovative, prolonged cock bondage, torture, pushhole dilation. Medical techniques, i.e. numbing catheters, other devices & plus. Challenge my head with your letter and put my dick in your hands. Will travel to genuine pro. Ex-lect via line medic, do not freak easily. (Miami) Box 6217LF

ASSLICKER

39 yo WM 5'9" 158 smooth body, 7" South Florida experienced asslicker looking for sweaty bluecollar types or rugged males for intensive asslicking and body worship sessions. You know who you are. You will not be disappointed. Box 6297LF

COMING TO KEY WEST?

GWM 30s 6'2" 175 lbs. muscular and hung seeking dominant big-dicked leathermaster(s) into boots, uniforms, SM, BD, VA and more for hot intense and uninhibited safe scenes. I will submit to your needs. Photo phone please—all answered. PO Box 893 Key West FL 33041

BEARDED DADDY WANTED

Orlando—27 yo., 5'10", 195 lbs., GWM chubby, bearded, shy, inexperienced but am fucking horny. Looking for older chubby bearded daddy/ta or type willing to patiently teach me the ropes. Eager to be taught most everything including leather scene. Like toys, dildos, rubbers and watching X rated videos. Box 8548LF

GEORGIA

SEMI-EXPERIENCED

GWM 38 5'10" 155 lbs. moustache at active professional, stable mature fun loving, anti-bar seeks singles, couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes, leather, B/D, TT, photos, S/M, etc.) inexperienced OK. Visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 76125 Atlanta, GA 30358 (125) (404) 638-1688

ATLANTA AREA

GWM 32 5'11" 155 lbs., attractive, honest, responsible, has top or bottom fantasies involving rubber bondage, dildos, etc. (no pain). Ultimately hope to enjoy a totally monogamous, loving relationship but also have need for safe experience with a trustworthy, completely honest man. PO Box 36022 Decatur Georgia 30032 (5774LF)

OBEYED BOY(S) WANTED

By hairy, husky Dad 5'8" You're 21-35 trim with profound need to surrender yourself for exhibition and frequent safe hard use. I'll provide affection, understanding, abuse, humiliation as needed. No pain. Part me or more. Photo appreciated, application: Master/servant. PO Box 52846 Atlanta GA 30355 Box 6727LF

LEATHER BUDDIES—NATIONWIDE

GWM 39 5'11" 160 lbs. HIV negative. My virgin ass needs work but also want to play yours. Versatile—any safe scene for mutual satisfaction. Photo with detailed letter gets mine. PO Box 95249 Atlanta, GA 30347-0249

TRAINING

Young men wanted for computerized training experimentation. Live-in for two who will need transportation but pay little. (Location: east of Atlanta, Perimeter. Ideal for student, young man leaving home, discharged vet.) Write Boxholder. PO Box 105 Decatur GA 30031

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VERSATILE ATLANTA TOP

Seeks masculine, stocky, hairy sams for WS, assplay & hot sex. Sane, stable professional, early 40s, 5'10", 150 S&P hair moustache hung and hungry. Experienced, versatile & assertive. No pretty boys or dumb dicks. Couples considered. Descriptive letter or photo, phone, indecent intentions #821 1574 Monroe Drive, Atlanta GA 30324 404.892.1581 Box 6572LF

ILLINOIS**HORSE WANTED**

6'1 1/2" 205 lbs, 60 yr Daddy Master wants any age 220 lb+ BB or strong heavyse slave bottom to carry me piggyback on shoulders and back for strongman stunts, mutually pump iron, nautilus, swim ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec, lil, nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395, Melrose Park IL 60160 Box 6817LF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTERS/TOPS

Suck, fuck (condoms), V A, shaving wax dildos ermas spit piss shit toys, uniforms, leather, surge. Enjoy aroma, smoke. Slave WM 31 5'10", blond smooth. Need limits respected and expanded. Sir please pick your pleasure and write a letter. Photo, phone preferred. Any ideas? Box 6630LF

MINNESOTA

Level-headed white daddy, 48, 6'3", 190 lbs with well-equipped dungeon/playroom, wants bottoms/slaves for humiliation, discipline, S&M TT, C&B work, whipping, JO, etc. Can fulfill your desires. Novices accepted. Limits respected. Like to teach teachers, humiliate jocks. Asians & Latinos welcome. Bring your cock let's play. Box 6101LF

YOUNG GUY IN LONGJOHNS

Looking for young guys into union suits, longjohns and underwear. 38 GWM into most underwear/uniform scenes. Safe scenes including J/Q, French A/P with lots of underwear. Write Jay, Box 179, 806 W Barry, Chicago, IL 60657

CHICAGO LEATHER/BONDAGE

Bottom needs more experience in all hardcore sex scenes. Willing to explore all raunch and medium pain FF top but would like to be converted to bottom. Desire experienced assistant into jewelry piercing. Am 25 6' 185 hairy, brown hair blue eyes, cleancut. Send photo. Box 6685LF

IRREVERENT PUP

29, seeks hot daddies for safe fun and games in Chicago. Am 5'9", 145, brown blue/beard, trim, fit. I like everything from real vanilla to real raunch: fantasy, shave, W S, FF especially. Box 6715

TITS AND ASS ONLY!

190 lbs, over 6', blue eyed, early 50s, full leather bottom needs leather top/master/daddy into lit torture, lit fucking, Greek active dildoes, bondage cock & ball torture (no French). Black/brown/white men of all ages are invited to reply (picture, if possible). PO Box 476842, Chicago IL 60647

DILDO A BEARDED BEAR

Ever wanted to make a big guy take your dildoes? Burly, balding, beer-bellied, builtwar (6' 215#, 48) wants hard use and abuse from dominant, aggressive men. Any age, race, size. Degrade and humiliate me while you expand my limits and stretch my manhole. VA, TT, FF (Indiana to Tennessee preferred). Box 6694LF

INDIANA**LET ME HELP**

Discreet WM, 25, 5'8" bearded, professional is interested in meeting inexperienced boys of all ages. This caring disciplinarian wants to correct your bad habits. We all have limitations. I'll respect yours. Any photo, phone appreciated, but not necessary. All answered. Write! You know you should. Box 6152LF

V A ASS BEATING

Daddies, pluses—cigars, cham, beerguts, filthy boots, cheese, mean, filthy mouth, heavy bell/razor strop hard strokes. Dick suckers: you'll crawl and your boy dick will drip from the abuse you'll suffer. Slow painful assbeatings, floggings, C&B bondage. Daddy or dicksucker write for intense painful Power sex. Male ritual. Box 6233LF

ABUSE THIS BOTTOM

Hot little guy, 35, 5'7", 135, lean, muscular seeks hot construction, college jock, BB, farmer types and/or uncults for any lit ball ass scene mild to wild including 3-ways. Can switch roles with right guy. Send photo if possible. PO Box 5903, Bloomington, IN 47408 Box 6552LF

HOT YOUNG SLAVEBOY WANTED

by 5'8" 190 lbs. Master 50 experienced in training and correcting attitudes of 18-24 studs. You must be handsome, hot, submissive. I will teach you obedience with hard paddle, strap, lit torture, C&B torture. Reply only with revealing photo and phone number. Box 8725

IOWA**YOUNG BB NEEDS FUCK BUDDY**

6'1", 210 wants hot masculine men (top or bottom) 21-40 for safe but serious play. Interests: bondage, shaving, C&B, SM, spanking, massage, and ??? Special turn-ons (not required) uncult hairy tattooed. Long term relationship possible with right guy. Can travel. Photo and detailed letter to Box 6071LF

URBAN ABORIGINAL

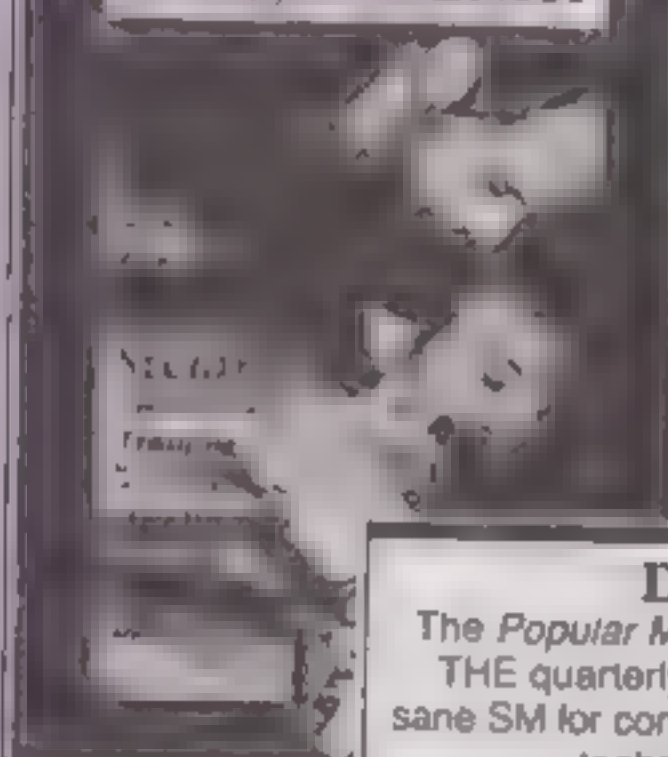
Leather Dad new to Iowa City: bearded, ringed, 40, 5'8", 145, questing for action with men/boys, masculine others. Deep FF as yoga, bondage, TT, nutcrushing meditation. Safe & sane & sincere in my needs pursuits. All answered, considered. Now is the time. Box 5413LF

ATTN: TRUCKERS BIKERS COPS

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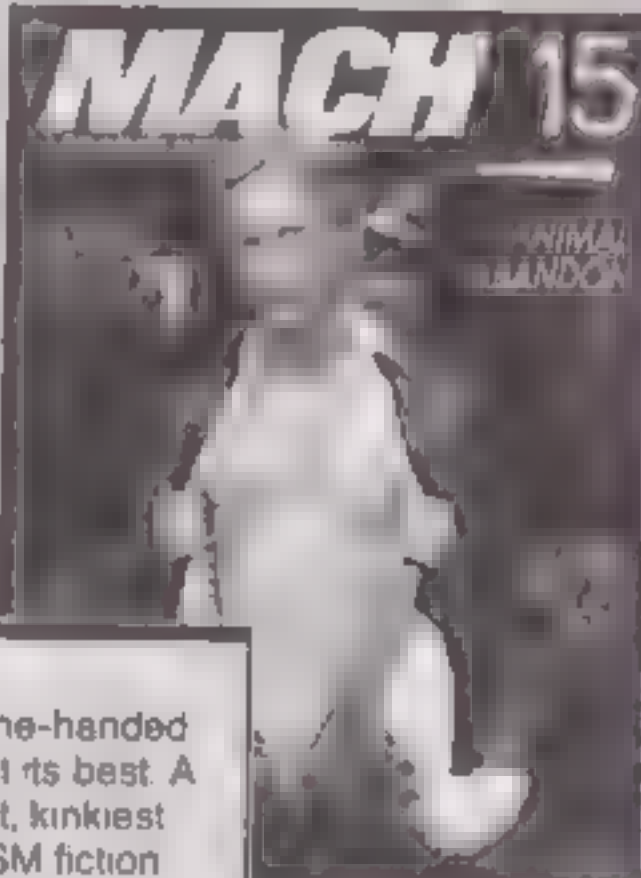
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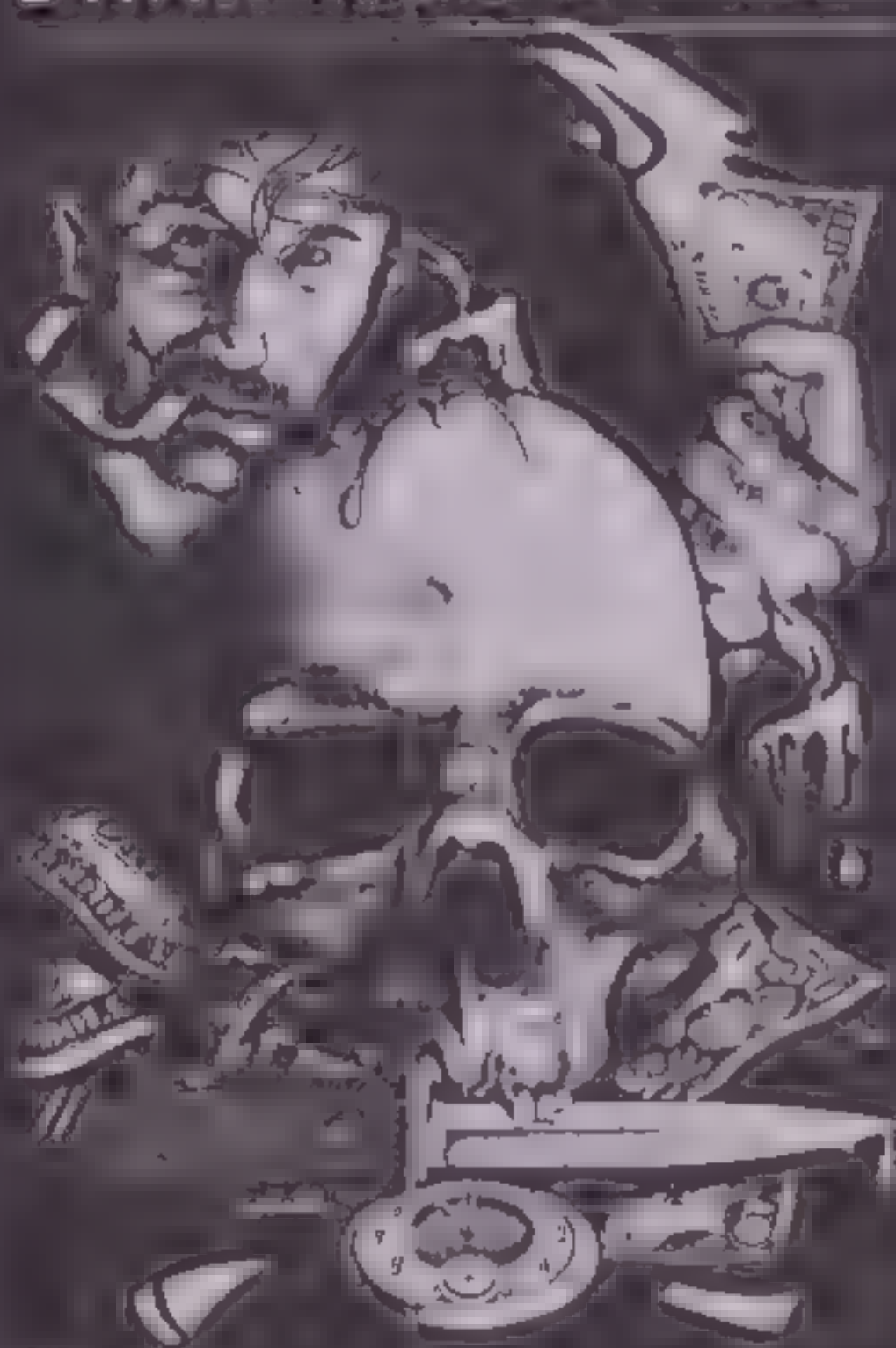
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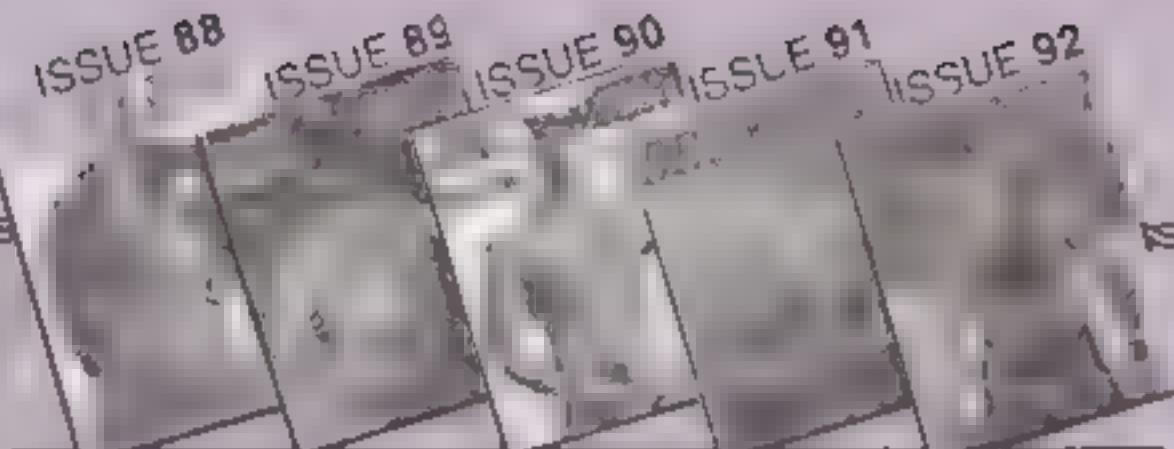
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MASTER SEEKS SECOND SLAVE
Master 60s, sexually 40s, and slave 20s are looking for second GWM slave. Applicant should be about 6' weigh about 160 NO facial hair. Master and slave are into leather. HEAVY rubber, bondage SM etc. Applicant must have driver's license, be able to work part time. Be able to relocate immediately. Call 4131 267 5276 before 10 PM EST.

MISSOURI
by GWM. 45 5'8" 150 slave must be into BD CBT T, shaving, enemas, spanking. Master can be affectionate or demanding. Photo phone to Box 6372LF

HAIRY TOPMAN
Dark, bearded, tall and strong into VA spit boots and bondage. Seeks masculine hairy guys who know they need it bad. Specialized in short guys, Italians, cops. No smoke drug, assfucking. Photo and phone to Box 6246

LEATHER RUBBER
Healthy, fun-loving, fit dudes, 20-40, interested in joining leather bike buddies club. Do you enjoy cruising in black jacket, boots worn, lewys, Gauntlet gloves, chaps? Meet some good biker friends, Framingham Metro West area. Sane, straight acting guys. Not a sex ad. Ideas, suggestions, interests, write John PO Box 5087 Natick MA 01760 5087

NEW HAMPSHIRE
WM 5'9" 160 lbs. full beard, blond hair very fit active masculine educated in US and in Europe. Seeking dominant Father Master type figure for an honest one-on-one relationship. Son is professionally employed, independent and intelligent, heavy into leather and obedience, but capable of stepping out of the sex scene. Prefer mature monogamous attitudes. This is a quality ad, photo, phone will be answered. Box 6559LF

VACU PUMP & G DONG
Regular daily workout with vacu pump cock enlarger making it grow longer and thicker permanently. Switched from tile drills to boxer skivvies cause they show it off better. Seek other big dong & skivvie lovers. PO Box 249 Essex St. Boston MA 02112

MICHIGAN
HOT MASTER
has opening for recruit. Send resume and photo to Rear Admiral Mark PO Box 50014 Novi MI 48050

MISSISSIPPI
Bidding, bearded, booted professional lives and sleeps the leathered life. Looking for mature sensitive man who's also sensually attuned to balls, bikes, rockstraps, bodybuilding. Harold mid-40s, enjoys classical music, leather biked yardwork, home and crafts related hobbies. Join me for smoke drug-free weekend of leathered togetherness. P08 5772 Bronx MS 39534 0172 LF6556

MISSOURI
slave available for other Masters. into any S/M B/D scene in our well equipped "play room" with sing, restraints, mirrors and many toys. Special hot turn-ons TT, CBT, WS VA, fishing dirty talk, asplay, military, B/s experimentation. One may bottom out for right stud. Limits respected and expanded. Photo with detailed letter required. Let's get HOT. PO Box 3931, Springfield Missouri 65808 Box 6565 LF

LEATHER RUBBER UNIFORMS
GWM 37 5'10" 160M brown hair clean shaven hairy body trim, healthy and not needs buddy-daddy, mutual fantasies, only masculine legitimate men who love man sex need respond. I want to learn from a safe hot dude what my limits are. Box 6697LF

FUCKBUDDY WITH LARGE NIPPLES
wanted. Age not important if you have big nipples and a muscular body. Must be into TT 4M WS Dungeons a plus. I'm HIV positive 5'9" 150 lbs. muscular and wild. Reply with photo. Kevin Box 753 Belton, MO 64012-0753 Box 6681LF

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Looking for another leatherman who is into he feel, smell, sight and taste of hot black leather. Dressed in leather from head to toe all he time and cannot get enough of it. Send photo with reply—all answered by 8' hung 190 39 yo. Box 6468LF

NEW HAMPSHIRE
WHITE MOUNTAINS
Leather man GWM 42 5'11" 170 bearded seeks buddies into full leather, lewys, boots, tattoos, piercings, Harleys, S&M, TT, CBT, hard safe sex. Letter and photo to Box 6252LF

NEW JERSEY
COCKSLAVE BONDAGE TRAINEE
Seeks 18+ Monudo type boy man slender hairless body with thick cock to transform this GWM of 41 5'5" 145 lbs., drug virus free nonsmoker into cock worshipping slave. Pierced nipples, cockhead, 11-erasts include cock modification, piercings, cock control, chastity devices, urethral stretching, ass play, leather latex, bondage, exhibitionism, humiliation. Box 6216LF

BET YOUR NUTS
Call BN at (201) 874-6909 if you're GWM 18-30

TATTOOED DIRTY BIKER
Blackwood Heavy tattooed biker seeks other bikers (local area only) who live in and worship dirty engineer boots, filthy torn lewis or full leather and enjoy riding together followed by a prolonged J/D session where we exchange each other's piss and cum on our lewis and boots. Local bikers only. PO Box 284 Blackwood NJ 08012. Send letter & photo for reply LF6229

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?
Experienced sadist seeks young 18-30, well built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874 6725 after 8 PM LF4769



CASEY DONOVAN FUCKS SCOTT ANSWER IN AN ALL NEW KEY WEST MEMORY EARLY HOUSE

"Key West has always been one of our lifestyle's fantasy playgrounds. I can remember seeing Casey Donovan there many times over the years and thinking he was one of the hottest fantasies going. So, a lot of years ago, long before any of us had ever heard about AIDS, a Key West fantasy finally came true for me... and his name was Casey Donovan. I can't remember which was hotter, the sizzling afternoon temperature and humidity, or the eye contact going on between Casey and me... but lust took on a whole new meaning that afternoon by the Early House pool. I promised myself one thing, the Donovan-dick-of-dynamite swelling and throbbing in his skimpy white trunks was going to go off... up my ass. As I look back, the best part was that this "legend" was not only one of the hottest... but also one of the nicest men I'd ever met. And oh, what a fuck I was determined to give that man. Casey was in Key West this particular time on a shoot, and video equipment was being stored in his room. Even though neither of us knew much about the operation of the equipment, both of us thought it would be hot to capture the moment. And did we ever. Fucking and watching ourselves fuck-

ing on the monitor doubled the intensity, and we ended up with two things... a very hot dirty home movie, and a lasting friendship. There have always been only two copies of our Key West fuck... one for Casey, and one for me. Casey's gone now, but he had sent his Donovan/Answer copy to Mikal Bales at Zeus with a note saying "Mikal... do something with this. Love, Casey." Since Mikal and I have been involved in a relationship for a number of years, we decided to do just what Casey wanted. We went back to the best guest house in Key West... Early House... for me to recall that long ago fuck with Casey Donovan, and for Mikal to film it. After a sweaty, horny afternoon by the same pool, I went upstairs to the same room and worked my dick off hard and slow to a distant fantasy that had come true "Early House" is a steamy, hot, tropical lush video of yours truly jacking off to the rock hard memory of Casey Donovan's cock bludgeoning my eager ass. If you get off on two very horny blond men going at each other's bodies like lions in heat, take a VCR vacation to Key West with me and Casey. I know he'd love it. And as for me... thanks, Casey, this one's for you."

Scott Answer

EARLY HOUSE

Casual Lodging in Paradise
507 Simonton St., Key West, FL 33040
(305) 296-0214



EARLY HOUSE/ZV-1002\$59.00

Proceeds from the video "EARLY HOUSE" will go to AIDS research in CASEY DONOVAN'S name from Zeus Studios & Publications

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☐ ZV-1002 EARLY HOUSE/\$59.00 \$
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LEATHER-COD-PEACE

Chaps boots/rubber lights/worship + fondle + handle + admire + lick. Serve with, mmm... respect and trust. Serious! No bullshit. Interested? White 40 5'10" 135 Mustache Short hair thick endowment. Jams few Box 6583

TOPS

into gang bangin hot 27 yo straight ranch bag, write Box 6596

POLICE BUFF

wants to meet MDS to horse around with (nothing heavy) in and/or out of the bag. I have flexible hours. No heavy drinkers. Parking is easy (I am in contact you at a public phone, allow several contact times) Box 6605

BONDAGE SLAVE

into long term bondage confinement, sensory deprivation, captivity & punishment into the overcast, lightest, most mescapable and prolonged leather bondage scene. I'm 45 5'11" 75 lbs Box 86 5

MISBEHAVED SON

Bad guy, boyish looks, 30 5'7" 140 seeks strict dad 40-60 who will pull the belt from the loops of his pants and strap whip my bottom red Dads write with photo Box 1650 Rutherford N.J. 07070

HOT AND VERSATILE TOP

Slaves all ages younger preferred Master 40 yo. 5'11" 150 lbs mustache Photo and phone please into most hot scenes. Looking for regular safe partners and possible group scenes. PO Box 21 Forest Hills New York 11375

SADIST 42

looks personal full-service total into pain humiliation, abuse, exhibitionism for use as ashtray, cigar butts, asswipe punch-luck bag. Masochist/slave will not be permitted to come while serving Sadist. Applicants shall strip kneel and write groveling, humiliating letter state qualifications etc. Photo appreciated Box 6687

PAPA BEAR--NYC'N

sharp younger (25-35) male wanted for possible monogamous relationship by professional GWM. I am 41 5'11" 185W br/bl, balding mustache, extra hairy body, and am drug smoke virus free. I am sexually dominant but not a crazy I do not want to be feared, but I will administer discipline when needed. Don't answer his ad if you just want to be used, answer if tried to give yourself to a mature confident successful man. You must be honest sincere and straight acting and looking. Intelligence and sense of humor are major plusses. Send substantive letter, all will be answered and I will call you. PO Box 105 Fairview N.J. 07410

LEATHERBOY WANTED

NYC Leather Master 37 8 is looking for leatherboy to 35. Daddy offers love, attraction, discipline, leather boots, B.D.S.M. and commitment. Tired of bars and fantasizing? Need to serve and want to be owned? Send detailed letter photo phone. Don't read Drummer and dream, live it! Box 6678LF

GOOD-LOOKING ITALIAN

needs correction and will service tough sane White Black Hispanic men in work clothes uniforms, wrestlers, boxers, rubber 3 piece suits, leather gut punch catheters enemas, cock & ball, verbal safe sex, can be top. No phones. Dave, PO Box 568 Old Chelsea Sta New York NY 10013 or Box 6687LF

FOOTBALL TEAM CAPTAIN

Hot WM, 33, 6'1", 185, very attractive masculine, and works out, seeks tall big guy who was or wishes he were a TEAM CAPTAIN to act out sweaty lockerroom, frat-bazing fool, and other explosive fantasies. Call Hank b/w 8 pm-12 mid to meet in NYC (NO phone) at (212) 675-7352 Box 6688LF

OPEN ME UP

WM 46 HWY+ healthy, horny, hot ass, ready to try a fist. SS Anything goes. Box 6642

ASSHOLE BUDDY

WM 30 yrs. 5'8" 160W br/bl & cut, clean shaven, smooth shaved seeks mutual buddy for slow sensual sex, CBT, TT, rimming, hot but safe. Pluses are smooth, uncut hot talk (no bull-fucking), smooth beautiful hole. Pictures helpful. Box 6656

SHIT FACED IN BUFFALO

Toilet seeks Master or buddy for regular watersport and shit games. 36 5'10" average looks, 160 lbs. Let's pig out together. Regular feedings a must. I need it bad. Box 6655

BET YOUR NJTS

Call BN at (201) 874-8909 if you're GWM 18-30

SHAVING NEEDED

on a regular basis by handsome WM 36 150 lbs 5'8" Also into W.S., spanking, and willing to learn more. Box 445 263A W 19th St. NY, 10011

HOLE ACTION

GWM 6', 150 lbs mustache B's uncut wants Top, mutual buddy for assplay. Didoes. Tel: dick 212 255-8117

TO SERVICE

Straight Bi-GWM in shape who loves to be sucked & is into fantasies. I'm W 42 5'7" 50, mustache, good looks & build & a very hot mouth. Write Tom PO Box A435 Radio City Station, NY 10101

BIG DICK BLACK STALLION

wants polite obedient page to please white boy, all my OWN! Stud's 29 6'3" 175 healthy smooth, defined mustache. Sensible educated, quiet, dominant, horny for white pussy! Not into pain, FF etc. but committed caring monogamous relationship with affectionate cocksucker I can love and horsefuck (safely). Deal honestly with our feelings, needs. You attractive, understanding, stable, clean, healthy, reliable, satisfy a black man's needs. Sincere only! No drugs, bullshit. KNOW what you want or don't waste my time. PO Box 1555, NYC 10010

DOMINANT LEATHER BOY

seeks submissive Dads and men into leather boots, and egars. Do you fantasize being dominated by a GWM 26, 5'11", 160 lbs., top boy in full black leather? Send letter, phone and photo. Now! PO Box 1580 NYC, NY 10185 0014

WESTERN NY RUBBERMAN

Rubberman, 6ft, 175lbs 37 yrs. old, full beard and stach, pierced tits and dick, needs Master Lover or playmate on a regular basis, heavy into rubber, latex, leather, sports gear and uniforms, water sports, verbal abuse, shaving, diapers, used rubbers, hot kinky sex. Tell me what turn you on and let's give it a try. Box 6699LF

18 TO?

Hot men sought by photographer to appear in pix and video. All types, 18 to ? Here's your chance to show off your best. Tony C. Photography 212 TU1-1437



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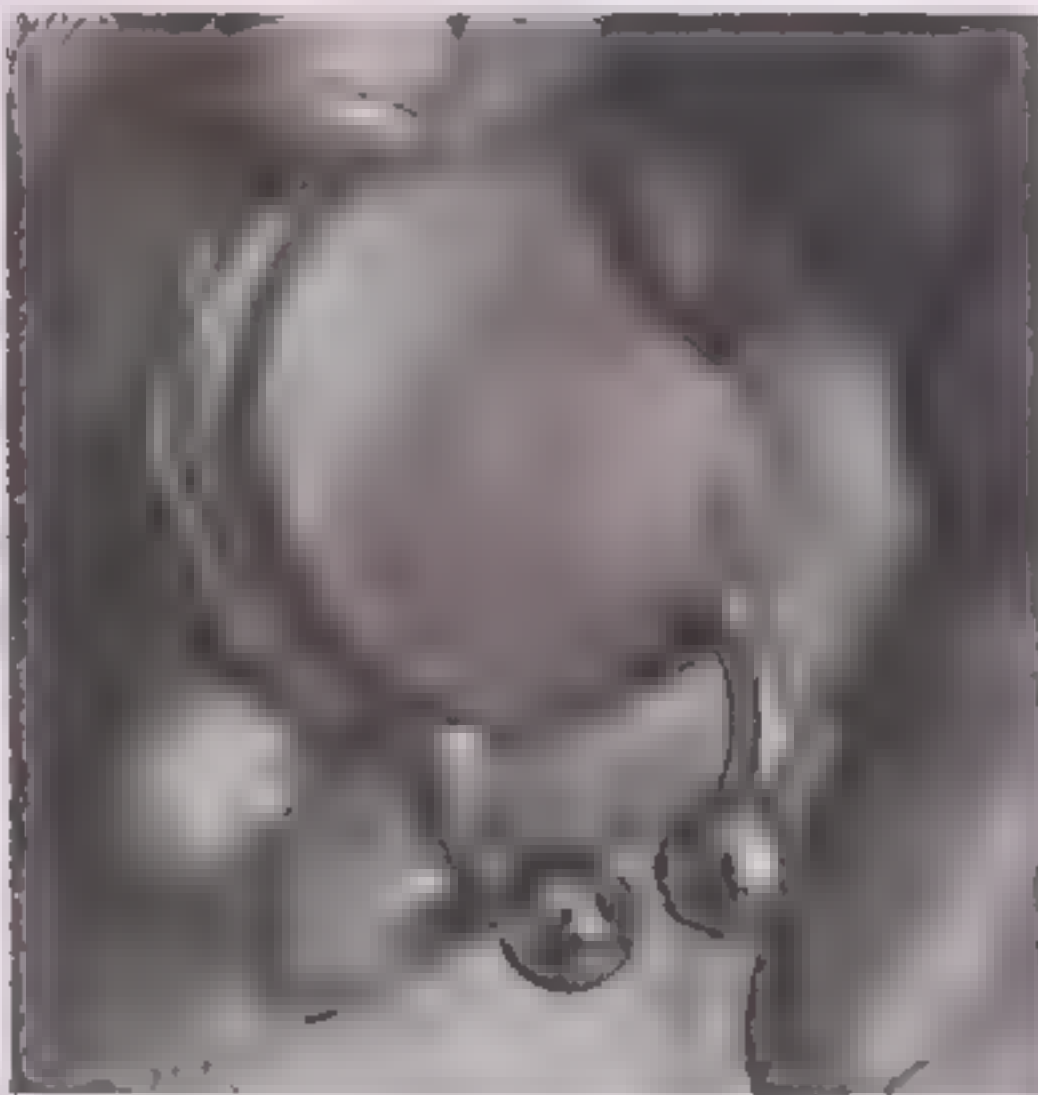
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ISSUE 108

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FF BUTTHOLE STRETCHING

Wanted by a good looking, WM, 33, 6'3" 165 lbs. brown hair eyes, mustache into leather FF TT didoes looking for a Top or versatile hot attractive man under 48 for good times and more. Answer with photo for fast reply Box 6706LF

YUPPIE DISCIPLINE

For all your excesses this spanking s for you Dad is 38. Wall Street type with convincing right hand Box 6719

BONDAGE SM TOP

Bearded, experienced top in Manhattan 30 6'2", 160 gym lean, creative, wants trim young slaves caught up with rope, cuffs, collars, clamps. CBT service. Safe of course—and intense Box 6716

SPIT FREAK PIG THROAT

Hungry cocksucker beef sleaze addict. Spit piss in my face while I service your stinking leg. Big dirty dicks, rank shitholes, filthy minds wanted. I'm healthy, handsome hung slave or buddy Box 6709

IMAGINATION

is the key. Dominant MAN seeks submissive NYC area men with kinky, creative minds. I'm 5'9" 170, clean shaven hairy 33. You're any age, description, into healthy SM. BD. VA. Send descriptive letter Box 6723

BONDAGE BUDDY BOY WANTED

WM, 46 looks like 36 seeks other men 18 up for safe sane mutual bondage sex sessions. All forms of restraint used and accepted (when in bottom role). Light S&M with all limits respected. Rochester NY area Box 6731

NORTH CAROLINA

PRIVATE VIDEO MAKERS

GWM, 34, 5'11", 160 lbs., wants to be violently beaten and brutally gang-raped on camera. No limits. Am discreet, well insured and will sign any necessary releases. I would like a copy of the edited tape for myself, what you do with the video after that is your business. Box 6343LF

OHIO

DADDY WANTS SON

Good-looking GWM 43 200 lbs. 6'3" beard seeks obedient submissive son needing love and discipline administered by an affectionate heavy-handed masculine daddy. Daddy is hairy top looking for Gr P Son into B&D CBT TT and shaving. Letter with photo to PO Box 970 Westerville OH 43081 (LF6063)

DISCREET SLAVE WANTED

Short, slim preppy type. Cleveland East Side. Photo, phone letter. Box 6638

LEATHER MOTORCYCLE MAN

Secure, 45, successful, not into drugs, booze or smoke. prefer monogamous relationship with a 100 mile radius of Cincinnati—into hot men—tattoos and exhibitionist a plus, but not necessary—age unimportant. Your photo and phone gets mine. PO Box 41326, Cincinnati, OH 45241

MASTER SEEK SLAVE SON

Dad looking for son to work in his business into discipline spanking, cock torture, ass beating. STOP at your limits. Describe your self. Photo, phone no. Box 6717

CALVIN KLEIN SPORT

WM 27 husky, attractive, very Madison Avenue very GQ. Professional, fun, kinky and aggressive. Looking for HOT muscular body builders with HUGE COCKS and ego to tie down to my SLODFLEX machine and use as SEE FIT S&M. Bondage, hoods, gags, whips, the whole fucking 9 yards! Feel my wet mouth and tongue work over your tits as you strain against your weather restraints. Feel my tongue run down your stomach over your balls and into your hairy ass. Squirm and feel the ecstasy as I fuck your ass with HUGE DI.DOS. Let my experienced hands feel fuck you for hours on end. Interests include photography (you will be photographed). WELL KUNG BLACKS. Calvin Klein underwear anything Armani or Gianni Versace and young chicken. I'm caring, sensitive, in control. Republican and looking for that 'PERFECT' relationship. If you enjoy being dominated write A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO BEACHWOOD PLACE. PO Box 382 Lakewood OH 44107

DADDY MASTERS NEEDED

GWM 35 185 lbs. 5'11" board, brown hair green eyes 7' cut. A Fr P/Gr, submissive. Seeking hot hung muscled hairy tops. 25-45 for SM BD WS. TT C BT, FF shaving enemas. Expand my limits while I worship your body SM and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton Cincinnati OH Box 5514LF

OREGON

PORTLAND

40-year old working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded, 5'8" 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

LET'S DISCOVER LEATHER SEX TOGETHER

If you're new at it, so am I. Let's initiate each other into being belted, fucked, sucked and pissed on. Top/bottom. I can be both gentle and strong. Handsome, 6'4" 210 29 into working out and staying in shape and want someone else who is too. Send photo/letter to PO Box 40740 Portland OR 97240 0740 (LF5747)

ARE YOU A SLAVE?

Inexperienced, but being a commitment and need to serve a dependable, imaginative Master? White-collar Master will allow a large measure of independence while enforcing discipline and control. Progressive limit increase training. Must relocate in Salem Oregon, without delay. Describe interests, photo, phone for reply. Box 5954LF

PENNSYLVANIA

LEATHER BOOTMAN

Looking for young slim submissive cocksuckers that need to have their face plowed. If you need long rough sessions, verbal abuse, and having a man hold you on while you service him, get off your ass and write. Leatherman is 45, 5'11" 160 and healthy. Photo and phone a must. Box 4840LF

MASTER S/D DISCIPLINE NEEDED

White male bottom, 33, experienced in b d s/m, c&bt. Interested in meeting top. Special interest in LE, military, medical. Complete discretion a must. Reply to Boxholder. PO Box 3821, Pgh PA, 15230

YOU ARE SPECIAL & UNIQUE

a for-real, for-life sexslave-houseboy smooth & trim, young (any age), & healthy, sensual & sexy, true to yourself & others, totally committed & devoted to serving, servicing & loving two 6 1/2 years monogamous Masters. 40 6'2" 170 and 57 6'10" 165 Masters Dick & Bill 54 East Main, Fayetteville PA 17222 yes boy, there is a tomorrow it's today Box 6702LF

SM TOPMAN

Well-built quality topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane kink-sex 38 5'10" 44 ch 32" w soaking submissive, level-headed bottom man for play times in S&M B&D CBT etc No punch—am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect Photo & phone to Box 6100LF

RHODE ISLAND

MASTER DAD NEEDED

Master Top needed by WM submissive Need training in SM. Please, Sir, use my hot masculine muscular body for your pleasure in erect bondage ill-cock play obeying, pleasing demanding Master Sir need teacher to be naked; expand my limits, train me Hard working good looking. Box 6342LF

SOUTH CAROLINA

ORAL SLAVE SEEKS TOPS

WM, 24, clean & healthy seeks tops masters to serve their oral and other needs enjoy sucking w big cock hairy balls and a hairy ass I am looking for men who will give me orders and teach me the way serve him best would also enjoy learning more about FF WS and BD Any dominant men who are in erected please write with photo phone to KM PO Box 6947 Columbia, SC 29260 Dominant couples & groups also welcome No drugs or pain Box 6947

SOUTH DAKOTA

NOVICE WANTS HOT TOP

33 Needs patient Top to teach light S-M TT CBT Light Bondage. Spanking Like Top in full leather or policeman uniform Can travel some weekends PO Box 894 Aberdeen, SD 57402 0994 605-225-0375 Leave message, Travel Twin Cities Picture if possible Phone JO OK Box 8674LF

TENNESSEE

YOUNG EAST TENN. SLAVES

Hot cruel, master daddy, trim executive mid fifties, seeks total sex slave in East Tennessee area. Slave must be under 25, well built and prepared to be on call at any time for heavy demanding scenes Serious only Submit detailed letter with photo and telephone number Box 8490LF

BONDAGE BUDDY BODYBUILDER

seeks muscular WM for workouts, then to be a captive of discreet, professional 34 y/o WM 6', 180lb, br br Have plenty of rope to restrain/outline your physique Limits respected SAFE or NO sex, but plenty of bondage Gay or Bisexual, especially into Levis, Leather uniforms Boots Photo-phone to KD, PO Box 42023, Memphis, TN 38 74

MASTER SEEKS BOY/SLAVE

For weekend, occasional use and abuse Possible permanent houseboy Safe, sane, clean and can travel some Boy must be under 29 prefer smooth swimmers build I am 37 5'11", 170 br/br, professional Submit picture phone to Sir POB 21561 Chattanooga, TN 37421 Box 6549LF

TEXAS

AUSTIN LEATHERMASTER

38 6'2", 185 brown/blue bearded, intelligent professional monogamous seeks ownership of inexperienced Austin slave, 30-40 professional, under 6' sexually uninhibited, masculine, trim Smoker preferred Photo letter revealing your slave attitude and kind of MASTER you need to serve Safe/Sane Be one with ME Box 6112LF

SLING ROOM VACANCY

Urgently needs filling! Goodlooking horny leatherman, 30 5'9", 150 dark hair eyes hairy chest, deep throat, fat cock and hungry hole seeking dominant stud, under 40 for long slow buttstretching, bondage, light S-M and mutual exploration in my Dallas playroom or yours Box 6675LF

MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION-KINK

GWM, 50 5'9", 145, excellent health Seeks qualified doctor/medic to invade bladder ass Stretch my holes with catheters, scopes, fists Testicular manipulation Aroma okay No permanent damage Your examining room Dallas, but will travel Your description of self, qualifications scene gets mine Absolute discretion assured Box 6686LF

WANTED BONDAGE MASTER

Hot, muscular jock WM, 5'8", 160, 34 yrs enjoys heavy masculine bondage wearing leather and rubber boots and a heavy collar. I am looking for a dominant, experienced and versatile Master who can take me to the next level in my bondage and kink. I am a very experienced and versatile slave. I am a very experienced and versatile slave. I am a very experienced and versatile slave. Box 6686LF

BROWNNOSERS

Dallas based top of German descent 32 5'7" 45 kg w hairy body and a hairy ass I am looking for a dominant, experienced and versatile Master who can take me to the next level in my bondage and kink. I am a very experienced and versatile slave. I am a very experienced and versatile slave. I am a very experienced and versatile slave. Box 6686LF

READY TO SERVE

WM, 35, 5'8" seeks Master to serve Interests include bootficking, cock worship C/B torture dildoes, B&D rubber light S&M TT and toys I am well built good-looking GWM Write with photo get same Box 6227

LOBBOCK

Ex-military WM, 35 5'9", 158, good build, hung into CBT, TT leather, levis, wants to meet other MEN for intense but safe scenes. If you're looking for a loyal buddy who's into giving as well as receiving, then I'm your man Letter photo, and phone to Box 6269LF

LOOKING FOR DADDY MASTER

GWM 2h 3'4" 63 heavy hairy blue eyes masculine submissive and obedient looking for a dominant Daddy Master 30 to 45 who can take me to the next level in my bondage and kink. I am a very experienced and versatile slave. I am a very experienced and versatile slave. I am a very experienced and versatile slave. Box 6269LF

HORNY HOT LITTLE NASTY BOY

WM, 22, looking for a hot Top gun WM police uniformed leather daddy-master into footlicking, TT, bondage, and safe sex Box 6714

NEED SMALL HANDS BIG DILDOES

Attractive W M B B, 30s, 5'11" 175 lbs HIV-neg Moustache cut, wants to meet W M 20s-30s (no beards, cigars) for safe and hot ass-stretching sessions Expand my colon or yours in Dallas but travel Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana Send photo letter Box 6547LF

VIRGINIA

LET'S USE MY BB SLAVE

Master attractive, successful 36 6'1" 180 lbs B slave attractive 32 5'5" 140 lbs 7" bubble butt Seeks master s or master with slave(s) for joint use/exchange of slaves into mind control SM BD toys shaving leather foil, etc You under 40, hung and in good shape Photo phone Mike Box 6206LF

BOTTOM TRAINING SOUGHT

B+W male, 34, seeks training by experienced top into BD, light SM watersports toys and mind control Mo Br hair hazel eyes, 220 football player's build You 24 35 experienced, good build, clean-shaven into safe sex Thanks Box 6414LF

EXPANSION WANTED

One 5'4", 130 WM 40s seeks experienced Daddy Master to have limits expanded Looking for good teacher for training in the art of giving receiving the joys of pay sex Sir please send detailed lesson plans to Training PO Box 13428 Richmond, VA 23225 1LF6555

WASHINGTON

ENDLESS POSSIBILITIES

Action buddies on the prowl Two young guys seek adventure Anything possible Send photo and ideas Wm respond with same and/or get together Greg PO Box 71003 Seattle, WA 98107 Box 6680LF

FISTFUCKING BUDDIES

with huge hands wanted by hot bearded leatherman Box 6535

LET 'EM HANG

You're a laid-back hairy bearded uncut cigar stud long overhang over low hangers You don't care if yours never gets hard, long as there's a good skin-chewin, lit-pullin pil sardin ball-grabbin' manson goin on with a 5'10 1/2" 175 lbs thick uncut Daddy pleasein man Box 6678LF

WISCONSIN

SUBMIT

Submit to those desires inspired by your current reading and mail a letter of application Degrees of experience not as important as degree of willingness Box 4876LF

INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage Current rates are 44¢ per 1/2-ounce Letters without correct postage will be destroyed

REDHEAD

Handsome slim English red-head, 30, with firm hairy buns seeks attractive face to sit on and piss over No fucking Photo gets reply Box 6714

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Anytime, anywhere, Committed strong trim healthy English masochist seeks ultimate fulfillment Offering total mental physical and sexual surrender for any and all kinds of enslavement, torture, depravity, carnal and Satanic abuse Help me embrace the cross and my destiny No ties, just say where and when. Quite genuine Box 6295LF

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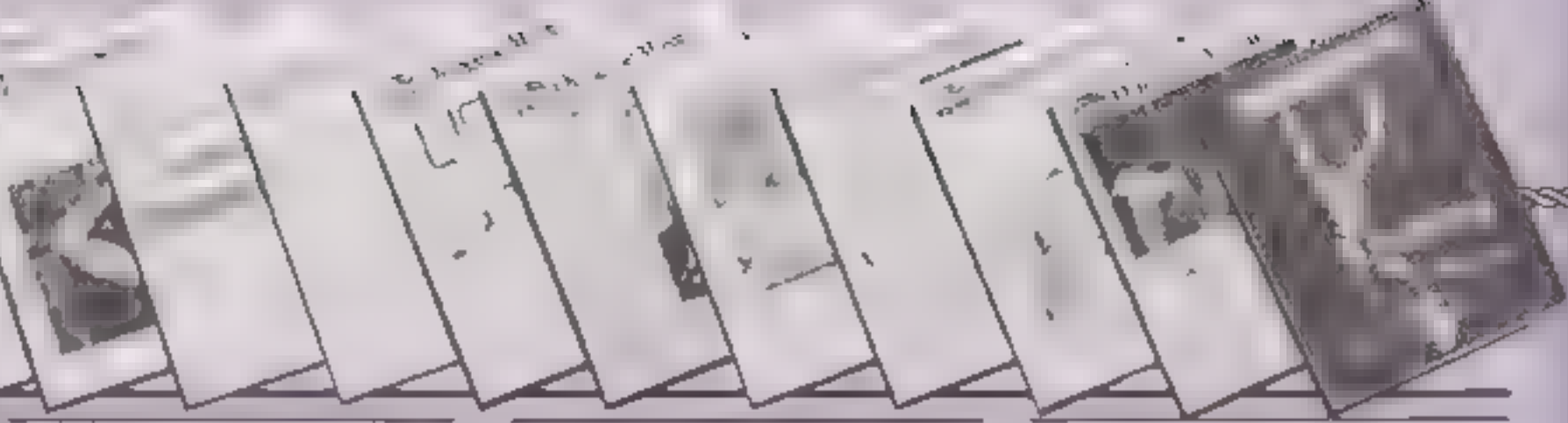
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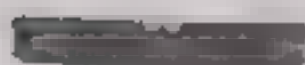
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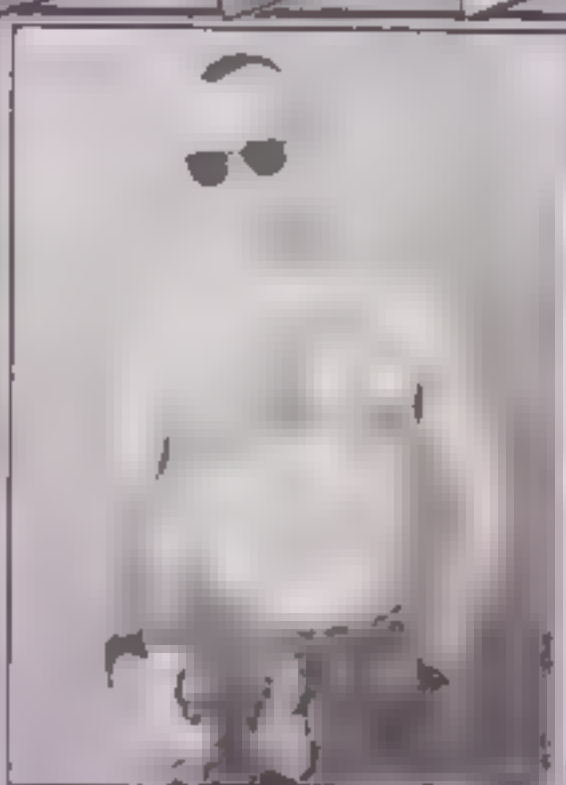
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 Featured in VIDEOS & Color Photo sex's 90 HOT young guys into pissung & dumping. Peed Pants Soaked Beds Drenched Diapers! Golden Arches! W S Exchange. Plus HEAVY DUTY MONSTER DUMPS! Hot Enemas. Messy Levis! Send \$5 (refundable for 64 page photo & illustrated Catalog & Sample. Michael Steven Holden 11684 Ventura Boulevard Studio City CA 91604. Foreign orders welcome.

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COASTAL CAROLINAS
 Crystal Coast to Grand St and White dials 70 into 4 in 1 contact ing menting? others along the North and South Carolina Coasts. Top in turn Eane. nled or novice into leather Bondage Bikes or general rough stuff if you're reading this I want to hear from you. Instant responses welcomed. Box 5979LF

ASSMASTER
 Hot bottom 33 6 155 lbs seeks hotbottomen shaying 1st bondage S M more. Write PU

SAFE WS SPANK N
 Very hung masculine attractive muscular and filly negative 5'7" 28 yrs Danny 7005 Santa Monica Blvd #109 161 West Hollywood CA 90046

BEND OVER
 Big butted tough guy wanted for hot enema taking. Send P P T J C PO Box 070656 Brooklyn NY 112 J2 00 5

SHIT BREAK
 Kinky hairy dude 40 heavy into shit wants to get in on with others. 1 B Mage race unimportant. Bernie Box 3213 Ann Arbor MI 48 36

BLACKMAN SEEKS SHIT AND PISS
 Horny handsome Blackman seeks Tigher into king shit and water sports scene. Also like meet guys uniforms. Looks not as important as attitude any race. Reply with picture and phone number to Boxholder PO Box 126 Che sea S a ign New York NY 10015

HANDSOME JOCKS ONLY
 Exceptionally goodlooking GYM 27 6 175 lbs brown blue giral body tan smooth hung & hearty wants to be gag tease and pump college jock 18 29. Must be built and straight acting. Photo required. Jeff PO Box 493 Costa Mesa CA 92627

BOTTOM 28 6 1", 170 LBS
 Masculine male cunt will submit to young tough master and friends 18 25 into humili a tion discipline bondage whipping verbal abuse being fucked coxsucking Randy PO Box 90812 Long Beach CA 90803

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☐ Drummer Rides Again \$10
☐ Drummer Marches On \$6
☐ Drummer Daddies I \$10
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☐ Drummer Daddies III \$6
☐ Adventures of Drum \$5
☐ Art of Bill Ward \$15
☐ Mr Drummer 83 '84 '85 Contest Programs—all for \$5

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☐ Drummer 3 (\$10)
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☐ Drummer 20 (\$10) ●

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 6 7 8 10 11
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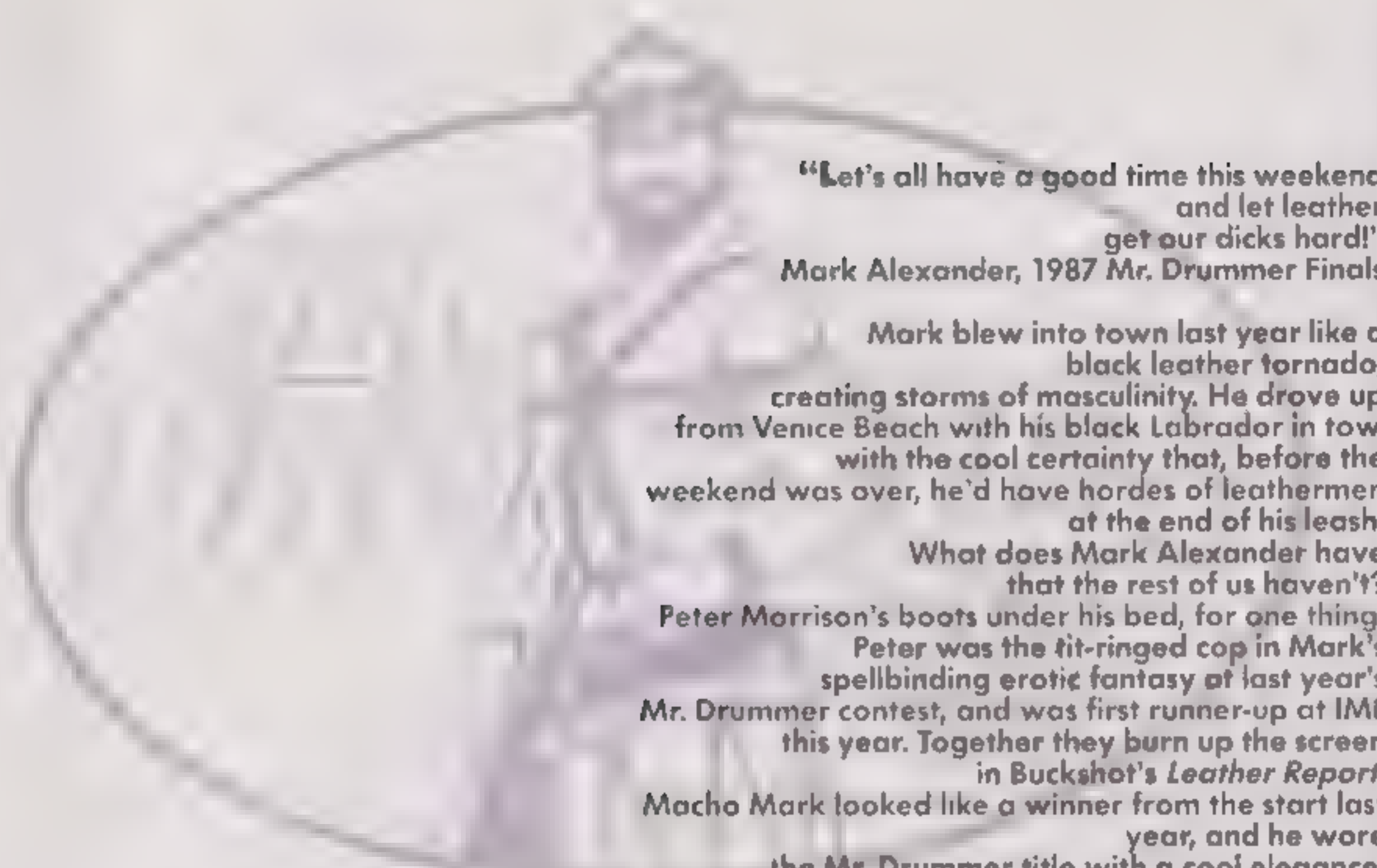
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**"Let's all have a good time this weekend
and let leather
get our dicks hard!"**

Mark Alexander, 1987 Mr. Drummer Finals

**Mark blew into town last year like a
black leather tornado,
creating storms of masculinity. He drove up
from Venice Beach with his black Labrador in tow,
with the cool certainty that, before the
weekend was over, he'd have hordes of leathermen
at the end of his leash.**

**What does Mark Alexander have
that the rest of us haven't?**

Peter Morrison's boots under his bed, for one thing.

**Peter was the tit-ringed cop in Mark's
spellbinding erotic fantasy of last year's
Mr. Drummer contest, and was first runner-up at IML
this year. Together they burn up the screen
in Buckshot's *Leather Report*.**

**Macho Mark looked like a winner from the start last
year, and he wore**

the Mr. Drummer title with a cool elegance.

**We salute Mark Alexander,
Mr. Drummer 1987.**

Alexa

Photos courtesy of **BUCKSHOT PRODUCTIONS**

A black and white photograph of a person in a dynamic pose, possibly a dancer or athlete, with a large, stylized text overlay. The person is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, outfit with a dark, patterned skirt or dress. They are in a crouched, lunging position, with one leg extended forward and the other bent. The background is dark and out of focus. The text "YIK" is in a bold, sans-serif font, and "nder" is in a stylized, cursive-like font. The text is white with a black outline and a drop shadow effect.

YIK
nder















**MARK
ALEXANDER**
Mr. Drummer 1987



ROBERT PRL ZAN

LEATHER PRIDE WEEKEND

SEPTEMBER 21-25, 1988

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

WEDNESDAY
SEPTEMBER

21

Kick-off Party

SF Eagle
398 12th Street
3:00 pm—2:00 am
Admission: \$5.00
Emergency Fund

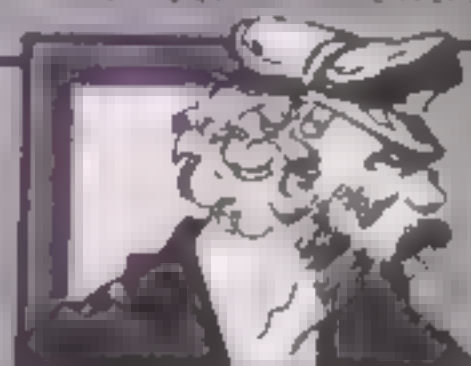


THURSDAY
SEPTEMBER

22

Fetish and Fantasy Night

The Powerhouse
347 Folsom Street
8:00 pm—2:00 am
Admission: \$5.00
Beer bust or well drink



FRIDAY
SEPTEMBER

23

Mr. Drummer Press Party

Corinthian Room, San Franciscan Hotel
1231 Market Street
8:00 pm—2:00 am
Admission: \$5.00 advance \$10.00 at the door
Leather M. Drummer Press Party

Leather Pride Reception and Dance

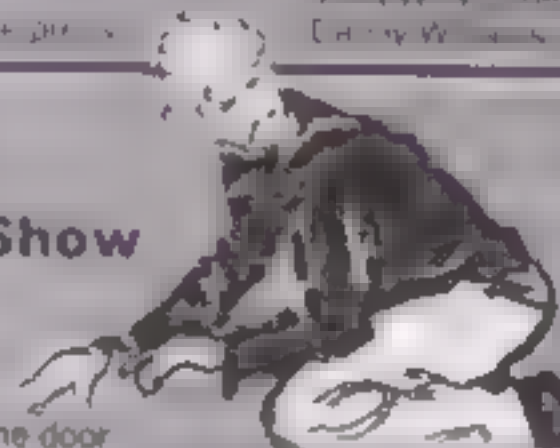
Crystal Ballroom, San Franciscan Hotel
1231 Market Street
8:00 pm—2:00 am
Admission: \$5.00 advance \$10.00 at the door
A night of leather pride with live music and dancing
Entry will be kept at the door

SATURDAY
SEPTEMBER

24

Mr. Drummer 1988 Finals Contest and Show

Galleria Design Center
1 Henry Adams Street
8:00 pm—2:00 am
Admission: \$25.00 advance \$30.00 at the door
The hottest, hottest leather M. C. commercial A special evening of black leather showmanship and erotic fantasy!

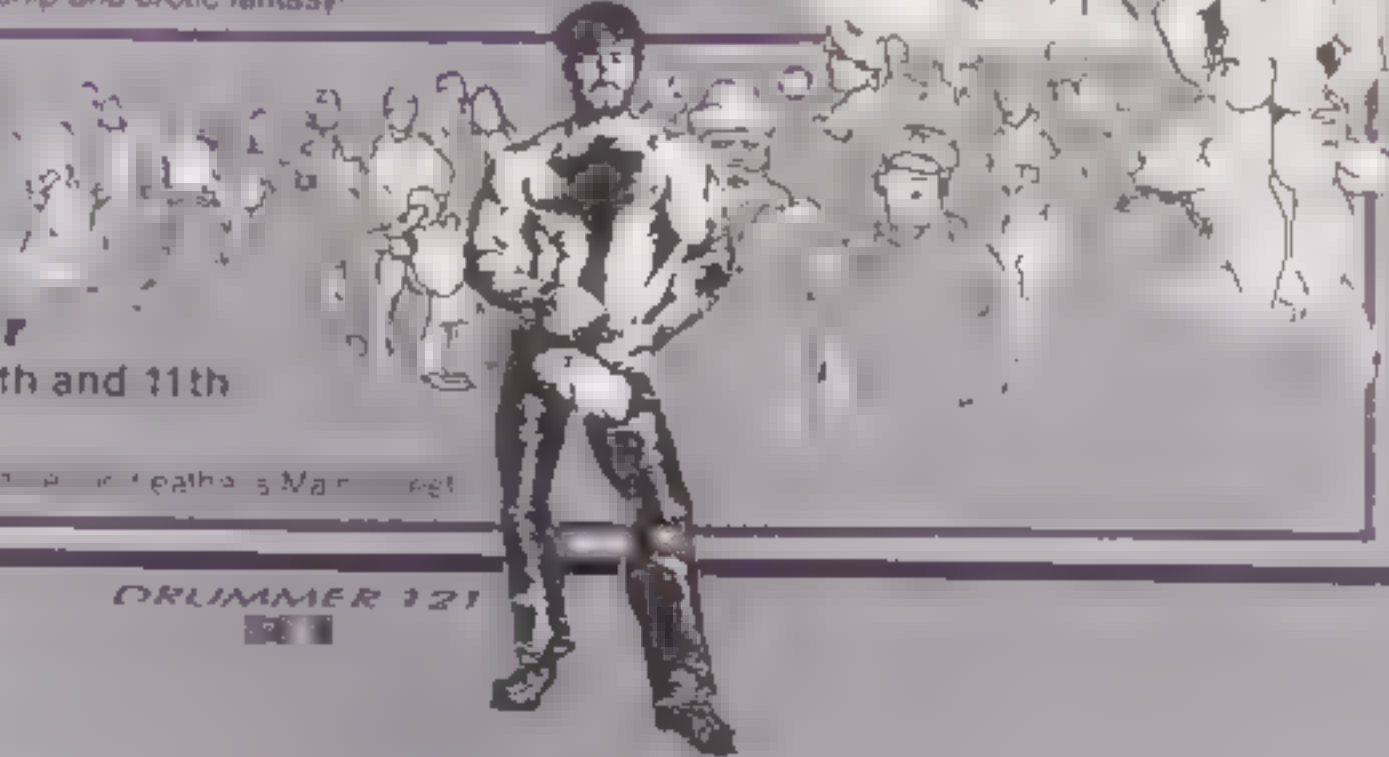


SUNDAY
SEPTEMBER

25

Folsom Street Fair

Folsom Street between 7th and 11th
Noon—8:00 pm
Join your brother and sister in leather at the Folsom Street Fair



LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

SAN FRANCISCO RECEIVES QUAKE 8.8

San Francisco will have to brace itself again this year over Thanksgiving weekend (Nov. 25-26) as the Knights Templar will host its Quake 8.8 run.

Last year Quake 8.7 was well attended by men from all over the U.S. and Canada. A good time was had by all in this two-day party-type run with demonstrations, contests and lots of hot sale and sane play. Activities began with a buffet spread put on by the members of the club on Friday evening allowing guests to become acquainted. That night saw some interesting opening play and everyone seemed to find themselves involved. Saturday afternoon was filled with demonstrations and a free-form bondage contest. Dinner was announced by a care car pulling up at the dungeon door to carry all to an excellent dinner and out to some of the local bars for cocktails. Afterwards all regrouped at the run site and the real event unfolded as some of the hottest play took place.

The run this year will be limited to 65 to ensure that there will be plenty of room for those in attendance. Please plan accordingly and send your reservations in early. For further information and registration forms write San Francisco Knights Templar at PO Box 14383, San Francisco, CA 94111.

HEAVY ACTION shook SM House during last year's Quake 8.7 sponsored by the Knights Templar. This year's Quake 8.8 scheduled for Thanksgiving weekend promises more of the same.



COPENHAGEN BLACK TOUCH 1988

Imposing, impudent, fun and men only. The committee behind last autumn's event will repeat the success on the weekend of September 30th through October 2nd. Men into leather uniforms and rubber will appear for intense drinks, earsplitting disco rhythms and tremendous shows. As last year there will be a boiling atmosphere of sweat, leather and rubber. Come and feel the touch.

The weekend is a result of a unique cooperation between different parts of the Copenhagen gay sub-culture i.e. The Stable Bar, Skandinavien Leather Men Men's Shop and the Pan Cate & Disco.

The Committee of
"Copenhagen Black Touch 1988"



Photos of last year's Quake 8.7



Photos of last year's Copenhagen Black Touch.



MR. DRUMMERMANIA HITS THE ART WORLD

The Hun served as a judge at the Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer Contest this year and caught Mr. Drummermania. You saw his letter about the event in last month's *Drummer*. Now he is offering his portrait of Michael Shareck, Mr. Carolinas Drummer 1987, on a Mr. Drummer T-shirt, \$8 each, + \$2 S&H, to HunHaus, PO Box 11308, Portland OR 97211.

Curby is also suffering from the desirable malady. He did a portrait of Mark Alexander, Mr. Drummer 1988, which is included in the show that will be hung at the Powerhouse in San Francisco during the Leather Pride Weekend in late September, and he has offered a custom portrait as a prize to the winner of this year's contest. Another reason to get your ass to San Francisco for the November 21-23 Leather Pride Weekend and the November 24 Mr. Drummer Finals contest and show. And below is yet another

SEXUAL SELF-DEFENSE!

Saturday, September 24, 1988: The Committee to Preserve Our Sexual and Civil Liberties sponsors The Second Annual Conference on Sexual Liberty and Social Repression, 9:30 AM to 6:00 PM at the Service Employees Union Hall, 240 Golden Gate, San Francisco. All day registration is \$15.00. Registration begins on the day of the conference at 9:00, space available. Pre-registration by calling Joseph W. Bean at 863-0961 or 626-8121.

Some of the scheduled activities are Mark Thompson, Senior Editor of the *Advocate* and author of the best-selling *Gay Spirit* (Mark has also contributed a piece of fiction to *Drummer* which will be appearing soon!), is the keynote speaker for the conference. Pat Califia will moderate a panel on "S/M and the Current Social Climate: A State of the Minority Report". Bill Ingervoll, former member of the board of the ACLU's Gay Rights Chapter, heads a panel on "Sexual Morality" which includes Father Robert Cromey, Rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, Nan Bostick, a founder of the Pro-Choice Coalition, and Mary Dunlap the attorney who took the "Gay Olympics" case to the Supreme Court. Joseph W. Bean will moderate a panel on "Non-Traditional Family Relationships," and many other sessions are planned.

ECMC ASSISTS

The European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs is an association of primarily German language clubs of Europe; however, Beat Ruedi, Secretary of ECMC and editor of the Confederation magazine, *der Stiefel*, is in frequent communication with most of the other leather/motor cycle clubs in Europe. Beat has offered to assist in keeping *Drummer's* European Club listings up to date and to this end has polled these clubs for information, the results of which are included in the revised club listings in this issue. We greatly appreciate his assistance. He also offers to provide information to *Drummer* readers about runs and other club events in Europe. If you are planning a trip and want to know what will be going on while you are there drop him a note at ECMC Secretariat, c/o Loge 70 (Schweiz), Box 725, CH - 8025 Zurich, Switzerland. However, remember it might take time to get an answer: a row a minimum of one month!

PE.P. IN ARIZONA

The original People Exchanging Power a club for SM people of all genders and sexual preferences, was founded in Albuquerque in 1986. When it was up and running well the founder, Nancy, took her show on the road and founded PEP in the DC area in 1987. This past summer she has been at work in Arizona organizing a club that will draw members from both Phoenix and Tucson. To contact the Arizona PEP write or call: 5821 N 67th Ave #103-276, Glendale, AZ 85301 (602) 848-8737. All of the PEP addresses and phone numbers will be listed in the next US & Canada M-Z club list.

SIGMA OPEN TO ALL

I'm writing to say that your club listing for Sigma is incorrect. A though membership primarily consists of gay men, the group includes men and women of all sexual orientations who have an interest in S/M. My mistress and I are among the female members and we attend almost every meeting. I hope other women (especially lesbians) will stop by and check out the group. Thanks for making the change.

SM, College Park, MD

Thanks for the information, we will be making the correction in the next US & Canada M-Z list.

AFO



**CHAIN
DRIVE**

Ms **austin** (512)



Touche
Chicago



Boot Camp Saloon
209 E National Ave
Milwaukee, WI 53204



**The
Seattle
Eagle**

DARE TO BE
DIFFERENT!

114 East Pike St
Seattle, Washington 98102
(206) 624-2612



DRUMMER



DC EAGLE

CROSSROADS

WHERE
LEATHERMEN
MEET



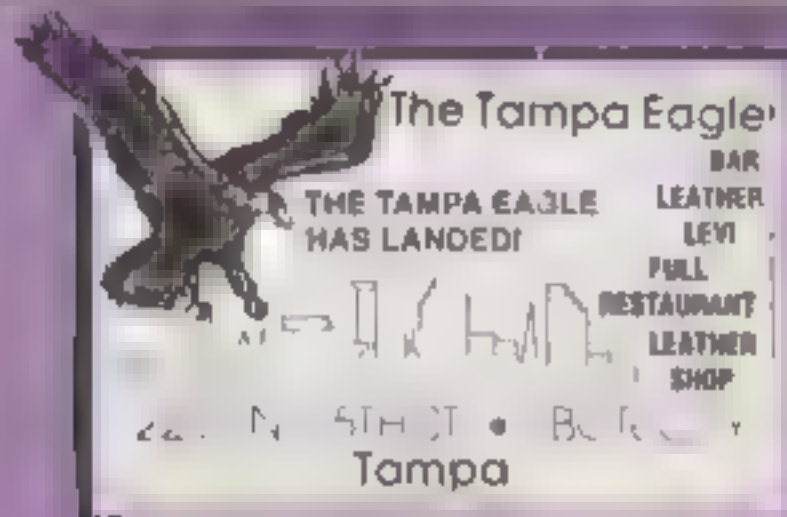
CROSSROADS

Where Leathermen Meet

By placing an ad in this section a bar or other business is telling you that they welcome Leathermen.

By accepting their ad, *Drummer* is telling you that the bar has been recommended by a Leather SM club or a recognized individual in the community as a good place to meet and socialize with other Leathermen. In larger cities, these will be THE leather bars, in other areas they will be the more general purpose bars where Leathermen do go to socialize.

Help us alert *Drummer* readers and travelers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us your recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about placing one of these low priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be let us know about that, too. -Friederhaus



The Tampa Eagle
BAR
LEATHER
LEVI
FULL
RESTAURANT
LEATHER
SHOP

THE TAMPA EAGLE
HAS LANDED!

2601 N. 5TH ST. • BAYVIEW
Tampa



WOLFS

LEATHER · UNIFORM · WESTERN

SAN DIEGO



**LEVI CRUISE
SPORTS**

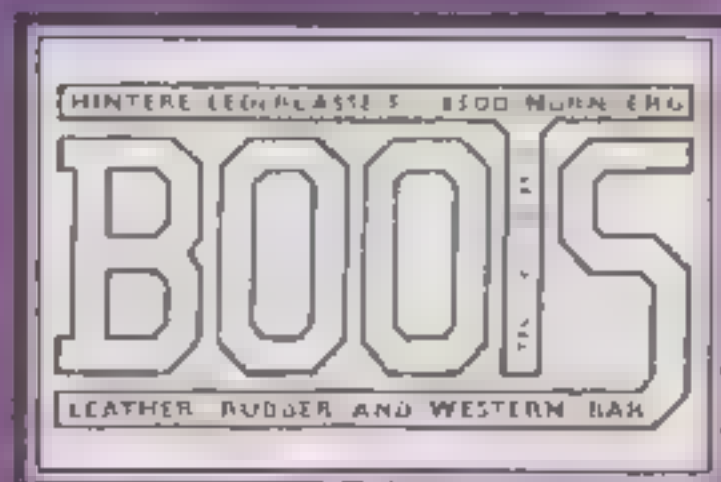
CINCINNATI

326 EAST EIGHTH STREET

**YOUR FAVORITE
BAR
COULD BE HERE**
SEE ABOVE FOR INFORMATION



SF EAGLE



HINTERE LEGERPLASSE 5 8500 MURN EING

BOOIS

LEATHER, RUBBER AND WESTERN BAR



LOS ANGELES' HOTTEST
LEATHER BAR

GAUNTLET II

4219 Santa Monica Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90029
213 669-9472
MOTORCYCLE PARKING

The
Best Stop in Philadelphia!

206 S. Quince Street
(215) 627-1662



OVERSEAS CLUB LISTINGS

The US & Canada, A-L, will be covered in the next issue: US & Canada, M-Z, in the one following that.

Club names marked with a star (*) are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type not bold face have had mail returned from the address listed. If you can provide a correction please do.

S/M indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M, (W) indicates a women's leather-S/M club, (M) indicates an S/M

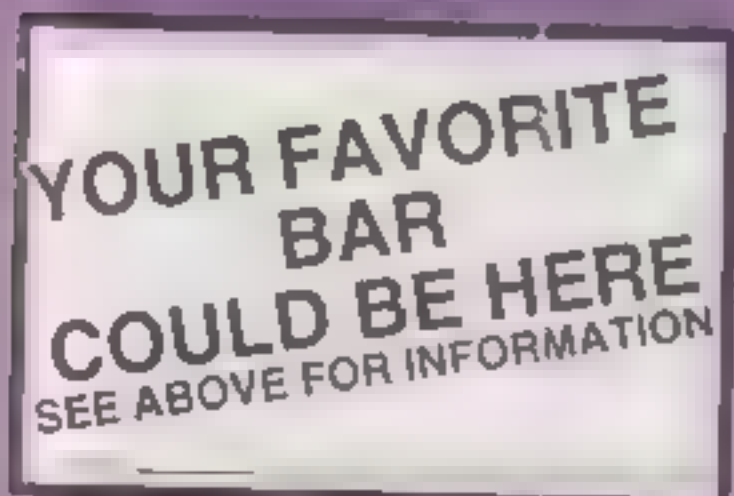
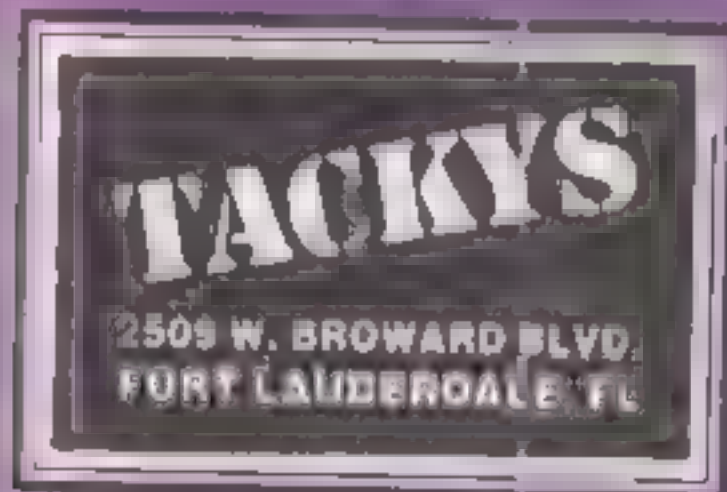
homo- and bisexual (C) indicates male or female or masturbation clubs, (F) indicates a special interest or fetish club, such as ones specializing in riding, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud etc. (FNI) is used for clubs that are primarily national or international whose main interest is publishing ads or a roster; they may have periodic meetings. (FI) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions even though they may have a national or international membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside men's li-

motocycle or social clubs. (*) indicates those organizations that we want to list yet which do not fit into any of the above categories. If any club wishes to change the way it is listed please let us know.

Send new listings or changes to Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101

Reut Ruedi, Secretary of ECMC, has polled the clubs in Europe and solicited information for this listing. Those clubs responding to his questionnaire are indicated by a ∇ below. Several clubs, for various reasons, prefer not to have their addresses published. We, of course, comply with this request. Clubs in Europe without a ∇ preceding their name either need to respond to his questionnaire or write not on his contact list. He has informed us that the following clubs on our previous lists are either no longer functioning or are commercial operations and thus inappropriate to this list: Club LI Amsterdam, FSMC Marseille, MC Milano, MC London, Firenze, MSK Cologne, MSC Hamburg, S.M. Norge, Spreadings London, and S.M. Club Helsinki. In addition we have been informed that both S.M. Dykes in London and S.O.W. in Australia have ceased to exist.

DRUMMER



INTERNATIONAL European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs

Inter-helm

CPM 2000 Switzerland
Switzerland

AUSTRALIA
Broomers MC
C/O Box 1926

Cruisers MC

Dolphins MC

Golden MC

Iron Tigers MC

Jackal MC

Rangers MC

Ron Bike Club

Sydney SWS

South Pacific MC

Northern MC

Southern Region MC

SWISS MC

AUSTRIA
VLM Vienna
C/O Sany
P.O. Box

BELGIUM

DENMARK
SEM Aarhus

SEM Copenhagen

SAMI

FINLAND
MS, Finland

MSC Finland II

FRANCE
ASSIF Paris

MERA

GERMANY
Rat. Inc.
herzkornweg 47

Black Angels Cologne

FIK
P.O. Box 10341
7 614 Mannheim 4

FIK Frankfurt am Main (4)

GLSM (Gruppe Leder SM)

P.O. Box
12 7000 Hamburg 11

FR Essen

GLSM

7 2000 Hamburg 11

LC Stuttgart
Hauptstr. 6

TM Dusseldorf

MS Panther Koeln e.V.

MSC Berlin e.V.
Postfach 30 34 69
D 1000 Berlin 10

MSC Hamburg e.V.

MSC Hannover e.V.
Postfach 4 4
D 3000 Hannover

MSC Southwest
Postfach 105

MSC Franken
Hauptstrasse 141
D 8500 Nuernberg

MSC Munich
Adolfstrasse 1

MSC Rhein Main Frankfurt

The Royals MC

ICELAND
MSC Iceland
P.O. Box 5
N 105 Reykjavik

ITALY
LMC Firenze
P.O. Box 506
50100 Firenze

NETHERLANDS
MS Amsterdam
Address Confidential

MS Rotterdam

NL 1000 ED Rotterdam

The Royals MC
Postfach 4 15
NL 1040 AB Roermond

Schlechte Meiden W
Postbus 71
N 1100 AE Diemen

LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your organization's events listed here, send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance.

SEPTEMBER

- 21-25 • **Leather Pride Weekend; San Francisco.**
- 21-10/5 • **Exhibition of original erotic art by Cirby; Powerhouse, San Francisco.**
- 22 • **Fetish & Fantasy Party—various clubs; The Powerhouse, SF.**
- 23-24 • **2nd Conference on Sexual Liberty & Social Repression—Committee to Preserve our Sexual & Civil Liberties; San Francisco.**
- 23-26 • **Oktoberfeststreffen—MLC Munchen; Munich.**
- 23 • **Leather Pride Party—Up Your Alley Productions; San Francisco.**
- 24 • **Mr. Drummer '88 Contest Finals; The Galleria, SF.**
- **Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.**
- **5th Anniv. Party—Illustrated Men; North Hollywood, CA.**
- 25 • **Folsom Street Fair; SF.**
- **19th Annual Aspen Run—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.**
- 28 • **Gay Police Officers Program—GMSMA; NYC.**
- 30-10/2 • **14th Anniv.—Knights d'Orleans; New Orleans.**
- **Copenhagen Black Touch 1988—Scandinavian Leather Men & others; Copenhagen, Denmark.**

OCTOBER

- 1-2 • **Anniversary VI—VASM; Vancouver, BC.**
- **Commander's Mystery Ride—Battalion MC; Dallas.**
- 5 • **Gay Men's SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.**
- **Program—NLA; Seattle; Timberline, Seattle.**
- 7-9 • **Bunkhouse 1—Cincinnati Chaps; Cincinnati, OH.**
- **Fountain of Youth, 1988—Adventurers-Suncoast MC; St. Petersburg, FL.**
- 7-10 • **Living In Leather III—National Leather Association; Seattle.**
- **Annual Review—American Uniform Association; Atlanta.**
- **International Gay & Lesbian Pride Celebration Committee Conference; St. Louis, MO.**
- 8 • **Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.**
- 8-9 • **Fall Foliage Ride—Thunderbolts MC; Whitcomb's Summit, MA.**
- 8-10 • **NAMES Project Quilt on the Mall—Washington, DC.**
- 9 • **Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.**
- 12 • **Meeting—Dreizehn; Paradise, Cambridge, MA.**
- **Genitorture—GMSMA; NYC.**
- 14 • **Genitorture Workshop—GMSMA; NYC.**
- 14-16 • **Birthday Event—MSC London; London.**
- 15 • **Mad Doctors Party—The 15; SF.**
- **Octoberfest '88/19th Anniv.—Vanguards MC; Philadelphia.**

- 17-23 • **20th Anniversary—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.**
- 19 • **Gay Men's SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.**
- 20-23 • **2nd Annual Finals Rodeo—Int. Gay Rodeo Assoc.; Reno.**
- 22 • **Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.**
- **Dungeon Night at Paddles—GMSMA; NYC.**
- 26 • **Better Homes & Dungeons—GMSMA; NYC.**
- 31 • **Fetish & Fantasy Ball II—NLA; BC; Celebrities, Vancouver.**

NOVEMBER

- 2 • **Program—NLA; Seattle; Timberline, Seattle.**
- **Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.**
- 4-6 • **Discipline IV—Disciples of de Sade; Dallas.**
- **Fox Hunt—The Rurals MC; Roermond, The Netherlands.**
- 5 • **Leather Swap & Shop—Thunderbolts MC; Brook Cafe, Westport, CT.**
- 9 • **Meeting—Dreizehn; Paradise, Cambridge, MA.**
- **S/M & the Gay Community—GMSMA; NYC.**
- 11-13 • **ECMC AGM—LM Dusseldorf; Dusseldorf.**
- 11 • **Basic Bondage Workshop—GMSMA; NYC.**
- 12 • **Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.**
- 16 • **Gay Men S/M Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.**
- 19 • **Jail House Party—The 15; SF.**
- 24-27 • **Arizona Brotherhood Run—Arizona Brotherhood Committee.**
- 25-26 • **Quake 8.8—Knights Templar; San Francisco.**

DECEMBER

- 3 • **Christmas Party—Thunderbolts MC; Brook Cafe, Westport, Ct.**
- **Dungeon Night at Paddles—GMSMA; NYC.**
- 7 • **Program—NLA; Seattle; Timberline, Seattle, WA.**
- **Gay Men S/M Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.**
- 9-11 • **Christkindelsmarkt—NLC Franken; Nuremburg.**
- 10 • **Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.**
- **Christmas Party—Battalion MC; Dallas.**
- 11 • **Christmas Party—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.**
- 14 • **Meeting—Dreizehn; Paradise, Cambridge, MA.**
- **Holiday Social at Paddles—GMSMA; NYC.**
- 16 • **Advanced Bondage Workshop—GMSMA; NYC.**
- 17 • **Christmas Party—City Bikers; Denver.**
- **Christmas Party—Copperstate Leathermen; Phoenix.**

JANUARY

- 11 • **Bondage Fashion Show—GMSMA; NYC.**
- 13-15 • **Leather Weekend 1989 & Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leatherman Contest—Centaur MC; Washington, DC.**
- 13 • **Tit Torture Workshop—GMSMA; NYC.**
- 15 • **8th Anniv. Dinner—GMSMA; NYC.**
- 25 • **S/M Novices—GMSMA; NYC.**

CLUB LISTINGS:

NEW ZEALAND

• **5 Star MC**
PO Box 1764
Auckland

SPAIN

• **MSC Barcelona**
AP Postal 9063
E - 08080 Barcelona

SWEDEN

• **SLM Stockholm**
Box 9219
S - 102 23 Stockholm

SWITZERLAND

• **VOEGE 78 (SCHWEIZ)**
Postfach 775
CH - 8025 Zurich

• MSC Suisse Romande

B. P. 1344
CH - 1002 Lausanne

UNITED KINGDOM

• **Essex Leather**
PO Box 184
CB - West Tilton Sea
Essex SS0 7EB

• The London Blues

c/o Tony C. Powers
45 Gloucester Rd. K1W
GB - Surrey TW9 3BT

• London Boxing & Wrestling Club (LWC)

c/o Derby Dale
26 Inkerman Way
GB - Huddersfield HD8 8UL

• Midland Link MSC

20 Mapperly Gardens
Mossley
GB - Birmingham B13 8RN

• MSC East Mercia

c/o Linerway Place
24 Dryden St.
GB - Leicester

• MSC London

B. M. Box 8170
GB - London WC1N 3XX

• MSC Midland Link

35 Heathmere Ave.
Yardley
GB - Birmingham B25 8RQ

• MSC MSC

c/o Frank Charles
25 Kensington Road Chorlton
GB - Manchester M21 1GN

• MSC North East

Address Confidential

• MSC Pennine Chain

c/o Stuart Teale
14 St. John's Grove
Eastmore Rd.
GB - Wakefield WF1 3SA

• MSC Scotland

PO Box 28 H.P.O.
GB - Edinburgh EH1 5JL

• MSC Southwest

c/o 57 Park Road
St. Marychurch
GB - Torquay TQ1 4Q5

• RMC London

BCM - RMC
GB - London WC1N 1XX

• SM Gays (SM)

BM SM 6
GB - London WC1N 1XX

• SNC London

B. M. Box SNC
GB - London WC1N 1XX

• Sussex Lancers MSC

Mr. John B. Bruce
60 Highdown Road, Hove
GB - East Sussex BN3 6ED

DRUMMEDIA

"ANIMAL" HUSBANDRY

*"I like visual sex.
I not only like the lights on,
I like mutual JO outdoors
in full sunlight . . .
I like visual sex:
JO books,
fuck films,
filthy videos,
mirrors."
Jack Fritscher,
"Stand By Your Man"*



The progression of Jack Fritscher from the printed page to the video camera seems to me to be lithe, effortless and truly graceful. Certainly the same attributes I've beat off to while reading Jack's fiction are found in a visual sense in his Palm Drive videos. I admire Jack's swaggering audaciousness, his innovative mind and his generosity. I can safely say that if you really love Jack's writing, you're going to like his films a helluva lot and get very hard over them.

In his ad blurb for *Tit Animal* starring Jason "The Animal" Steele, Jack says, "You're gonna watch this one with clamps on your own tits . . . Understand?" I've always felt that a pair of well-worked tits are the emblem of a man's sexual sophistication. After all, you gotta know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em. To enhance my analysis of this lofty topic, I enlisted the assistance of my favorite Tit Expert. Our inclinations were somewhat more base than Siskel's or Ebert's, and according to the Peter Meter, *Tit Animal* gets a good solid eight. Jason "The Animal" Steele is a leatherstud from Dreamland hot for and about his own tits, cock and balls. Any man whose eroticism is tit-centered is sure to love watching "The Animal" working the fuck out of his own eraser-nips.

As an erotic filmmaker, Jack has a strong visual sense. Jack Fritscher gives pretty picture. He knows how to fill the frame. I especially enjoyed an extended tight shot of the Steely Man tying up his cock and balls with the same thong he has laced through his titrings. When "The Animal"'s titring pulls out it has the same erotic magic as when Marilyn Monroe would pop a spaghetti strap: it's so sexy you don't care if it was accident or contrivance.

*"Audiences likes good legs.
Good thighs make you look like you
can throw a hard fuck . . .
This is what video's for, fucker . . .
How much you
want me to make you last
forever the way you are today?"
Jack Fritscher,
"Video Casting Couch"*

I like Jack's taste in men, and I enjoy seeing men open up for his camera. Dave Gold, Chris Burns, Sonny Butts, Keith Ardent . . . Some mighty nasty cocksmen have jacked their dicks for Jack, but I must confess that "The Animal" is my favorite. I could drink a case of Jason Steele and I would still be on my feet. This study is beauty and a beast. Those full, pendulous cocksucker lips. The smoldering eat-my-asshole stare. That smug matinee idol of a fat uncut cock. Bushy armpits that make your nose itch and your mouth water. His handle, "The Animal," is apt: He grunts, he growls, he groans, he glowers. He gets guttural about his pectorals. And, oh! How he howls! His tits are constantly on fire, so he spits on 'em. You would spit too if it happened to you.

This Man of Steele is a man of few words. About twenty minutes in, he says, "Yeah!" And then, quickly, "Yeah? Yeah?" Yeah, fucker.



*"Not so fast.
Slow your moves down.
Speed ain't where sex is at.
You gotta mosey on in.
You gotta sidle on into it."
Jack Fritscher,
"Video Casting Couch"*

Two-thirds through *Tit Animal*, my Expert reached for the remote. He said he felt the same way about every Fritscher film he'd seen. His perception, with which I agree, is that while he likes each new scene, he wishes that there would be less lingering, that the action would move more intensely and purposefully from one scene to the next. And since there is no script to *Tit Animal*, you really don't miss anything with fast forward.

I don't think Jack would quarrel with this. A fundamental aspect of his "interactive" video verite style is that it more closely mirrors the kind of scene you'd really have with these guys. Not just the cumshots. And if, occasionally, this means some listless pacing, it's like real life: If you don't like the pace, then change it, fucker. These tapes from Palm Drive are meant to be freeze-framed, slowed down and speeded up. I encourage anyone with a VCR to let Jack Fritscher put him in the Palm-Driver's seat.

—Ken Kissoff

"Stand By Your Man" and "Video Casting Couch" are two of the short stories in Jack Fritscher's collection, *Stand By Your Man*, available for \$10.00 + \$1.50 S&H from: Sandmutopia Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

TOUGH CUSTOMER



FRENCH & GREEK IN FRANCE: This hunky young Frenchman is offering a welcome to every attractive male visiting Paris. He is Active/Passive in most languages but prefers to be bottom to a hot man. Looks aside, this hunk could have me hot enough to melt! TC 1312.

THINK YOU'RE A
HOT DRUMMERMAN?
CAN'T FIND
THE RIGHT STUD
OR THAT
PERFECT BOTTOM?

Each month we pick the hottest candid photos for Tough Customers. Send your *black and white* photos (color photos are acceptable but do not reproduce well) with your name and address *printed* on the back, state that you are of legal age, sign your name and we will assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Photos are not returnable.)

To answer a TC ad, put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write (in pencil) the TC number on the *back flap*. Put this inside another envelope along with fifty cents for handling, and mail to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.



CUMMING UP

photo from Old Release



photo by Peter Van der Pers



DRUMMER

ISSUE 122

Hot Cigars! Smokefilledsmut!

BEIRUT PART II—by Aaron Travis—the erotic confrontation increases in intensity . . .

BLUESMOKE THROUGH THE HAZE—by Tim Barrus—The cigar sizzled just the suggestion of tifflesh—screaming—as the glowing burn rested against the boy's virgin nipple . . .

ANIMALS—by Mark Thompson—It was initiation night. Invitation only. Alex felt wounded.

COLT LEATHER CALENDAR 1989 REVIEWED!

MACH 16!

Peter Van der Pers—The erotic photography of Europe's most outrageously demented photographer.

Daddy Dak by Jay Shaffer—Two men and a bike. Two men and battlescars. Two men and balance.

Inside by David May—It all comes from inside. It has to . . .

Put Out to Stud by Beast. Horsebuck finds himself a stable.

SANDMUTOPIA GUARDIAN

& DUNGEON JOURNAL



When they're ready to do it themselves, *Drummer* readers turn to the SGADJ for guidance—Issue #3 has Don Miessen's seminal "What Is SM?" piece, "Pins and Needles" by Fledermaus and Lady Jane, and More!